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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Y**ESTERDAY week the Lords met for a short time to deal with trout and Indian railways.

Commons. In the Commons Sir EDWARD GREY parried a question about M. HANOTAUX'S 'prentice outburst in the French Chamber, but gave explanations as to the German complaints, which all but completely disposed of the exaggerated accounts current thereof. Germany, it appeared, had made no general protest whatever, but had merely asked for and received assurances that no interference was intended with her actual rights. In the subsequent debate on the Finance Bill, Clause 3 was passed and Clause 4 much debated.

Lords. On Monday the Lords were occupied for some time on the Merchandise Marks Amendment Bill, which, though Lord PLAYFAIR beat the anti-Protection drum right lustily, was read a second time by 49 to 26. Lord STANMORE made his expected speech on the Uganda Railway, and put the case forcibly enough; but Lord KIMBERLEY declined to be "drawn," and the Opposition, probably out of a patriotic consideration for the pending difficulty with France which their opponents might not have shown, did not press the matter.

Commons. Meanwhile, in the Lower House, Sir EDWARD GREY announced that the Government had agreed not only to discuss the Anglo-Belgian Agreement with France, but to review all African questions pending between the two Governments. Two other Ministers came off badly in encounters with questioners—Mr. MORLEY, on the subject of boycotting; Mr. ASQUITH, on that of the money which has been spent by Churchmen on Welsh cathedrals. Captain NAYLOR-LEYLAND obtained leave to move the adjournment to call attention to the sorrowful state of Essex agriculture, and the motion was pushed to a division, local Gladstonian members like Mr. DODD having to explain that, as the Government had all the time of the House, "there was no way but this," as VIRGINIUS says to VIRGINIA. Yet Mr. DODD gave that time to the Government, we think. The Finance Bill saw the rest of the evening out, except the small

tail of time accorded after midnight to minor matters.

Lords. On Tuesday the Upper House read a Prize Courts Bill and a Public Works Loan Bill a second time.

Commons. The Lower was principally occupied with the complaints of the colonies against the Finance Bill—complaints which came up both at question-time and in the debate on that measure, and of which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, after his friends in the press had been loudly declaring that they did not exist, had to admit the reality. At question-time also Dr. MACGREGOR, unable to extract sufficient information about subjects concerning his native heath, solemnly declared that he should vote against the Government, and subsequently did so. In the debate, which took the whole night, some amendments were rejected, some accepted, and some compromised.

A quiet and useful Wednesday was spent on the Army Estimates, when, after various subjects had been discussed, the vote for provisions, &c. was agreed to, and that for buildings, contrary to the wish of the Opposition leaders as well as of the Government, was talked out by Mr. HANBURY. No party has a monopoly of this kind of person; and each can only console with the other on possessing him.

Lords. On Thursday a Fishery Board Bill and some others were advanced in their respective stages in the Upper House.

Commons. In the Lower Sir EDWARD GREY had to put a rather more serious face on the German observations as to the Congo Agreement, which were now advanced to the extent of denying the right of the State to make it. This conduct on the part of Germany, especially after a certain recent transaction of hers with France, and after the consistent and almost excessive generosity with which she has been treated by England in colonial matters, is not pretty. But it seems that touchiness at Lord KIMBERLEY'S failure to make the proper approaches was more at the root of the matter than anything else. After this the House returned to the Finance Bill, the debate upon the intended plunder of the rich being sharpened by the excellent speech of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE the day before, which for the first time put the thing popularly. The Government

majority sank at one time to 26; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S temper rose more than once to 112—supposing “fever heat” to be the same on the thermometer of Temper as on that of Fahrenheit.

Disestablishment. At a meeting of the Church Defence Institution on Thursday, Lord SALISBURY made a vigorous speech on the Welsh Disestablishment proposals, showing the necessity of immediate, strenuous, and unremitting resistance, drawing the lesson of the Irish precedent, and pointing out that compromise or concession was quite impossible. The English Church Union, at its annual meeting, also dealt with the subject.

An important meeting was held at Rhyl on Monday, under the presidency of the Bishop of ST. ASAPH, to protest against Welsh Disestablishment. In Committee the Church Patronage Bill was got “out of stays,” not to say “out of irons,” by a muster strong enough to rescind the Liberationist vote on the subject of the sale of advowsons, and to strengthen the hands of the bishop in refusing institution. There is no doubt about the desirableness of this last proceeding.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week, at a dinner to Conservative and Unionist candidates, Lord SALISBURY spoke forcibly on the dulness of actual politics, on the Budget which was intended to tax rich men who left legacies, and would actually tax poor ones to whom legacies were left, on the process of “filching and swindling an opinion out of the country,” and so forth.

On Thursday morning a letter was published from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, explaining the position of Liberal-Unionists of his stamp towards Disestablishment. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE had made, at Buxton, a detailed and very noteworthy statement, showing how the “margin” system of taxation would make it necessary for him personally to discontinue the expenditure of about one-third of his income on objects beneficial not to himself but to his tenants and the public.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. It appeared on the morning of this day week that the French were under the impression that M. HANOTAUX'S “firm attitude” would settle the Congo business out of hand; but of course it was not yet possible to say what effect Sir EDWARD GREY'S answer of the previous night would have on them and on their strange bedfellows the German Colonial-men. Ministerial matters were still at a deadlock in Austria-Hungary, the body of M. SZILAGYI being the subject of fight. There was a fresh illustration of the beauty of Home Rule in Norway, where patriotism was discovering a horrid plot against Gamle Norge. Italy was as Hungary. The French were trying once more to put the screw on the Hovas. There was something like a small civil war in America over the coal strike.

On Monday morning the news was published that the French Chamber had voted 1,800,000 francs to “preserve the territories dependent upon French Congo.” It sounds well—especially in francs—but the French would do well to remember the great saying “a thousand pounds is not much.” Even seventy-two thousand pounds will not go far in casting Great Britain out of Africa. Not, of course, that even the bellicose M. HANOTAUX (who had, by the way, inserted an ingenious proviso in his original statement) definitely hopes to do anything of that sort. But he hopes that the average Frenchman will hope that he is going to do it. By way of showing their contempt for Britain, the French Government were further going to condemn M. HERZ *in absentia*, since we will not “extradit” him. The Germans, on the other hand, were distinctly cooling in the matter of the Agreement; and more than one German newspaper of different shades of politics had informed Frenchmen that, if they ex-

pected Germany to take a part in the interesting play of *Les Marrons du Feu*, they would be disappointed. The Hungarian crisis was said to have ended; the Emperor-King withdrawing his objections to M. SZILAGYI. FRANCIS JOSEPH is one of the wisest monarchs living, and a gentleman as well as a king; but why he should take the part of that curious piece of Liberal intolerance, the civil-marriage craze, is not obvious. Italy had been less successful than Hungary in settling her crisis.

On Tuesday morning the death of the Sultan of MOROCCO added to the complications of the moment. The heir of all the MULEYS by thus departing gave M. DELONCLE the opportunity to say that “Great Britain would require watching.” Is there any set of circumstances under which M. DELONCLE is of opinion that Great Britain would *not* require watching? If so, it would be interesting to hear what it is. A transit of Venus? The appearance of the sea-serpent? But we can see distinct reasons why M. DELONCLE should keep his eye on us in both these cases. There was some fresh difficulty in Siam. PHRA YOT, the incriminated Mandarin, who has evidently learnt arithmetic, and drawn conclusions from the fact that his judges are three French to two Siamese, had failed to appear, and the French press was off on a fresh score as to annexing Chantaboon, protecting Siam, and what not. It was said that England and Portugal had agreed to refer the Manicaland frontier to arbitration.

On Wednesday morning the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* represented that the feeling in Germany against the Anglo-Belgian Agreement was much more serious than Sir EDWARD GREY had made out. On the other hand, it appeared not impossible that the death of the Sultan of MOROCCO might rather calm than exasperate official French rage with England. For England has no designs on Morocco whatever, which is by no means the case with some other countries. The surrender to the Secularist party in Hungary seemed to be pretty complete, though nothing was said about a guarantee of swamping. There was some Parliamentary trouble in Belgium itself. In Bulgaria Prince FERDINAND had addressed a very handsome rescript to M. STAMBOULOFF on his retirement. The annexation of Pondoland to the Cape Colony was formally gazetted. There was much talk, during the early part of the week, of a curious new official created by the CZAR, “The General near Our Person.”

By Thursday morning news had quieted down a little. Apprehensions about the succession in Morocco were less lively. The unfortunate PHRA YOT had been “got condemned,” as Mr. CARLYLE would say, to twenty years’ penal servitude, “under the supervision of the French Minister,” to whom we make all proper congratulations on his thus cumulating the functions of envoy and convict-warder. There was a violent epidemic at Hong Kong.

As French hubbub at the Congo Agreement (which we regret to see that some English newspapers, borrowing an absurd form from French, describe as “Congolese”) cooled down, German appeared to bubble up. But the objections of Germany, except in point of form, are almost more unreasonable than those of France. Signor CRISPI had reconstituted his Ministry. There was said to be accord among the Powers on the Morocco question; the new Sultan, MULEY ABDUL AZIZ, seemed to have a better chance of quiet recognition than had been feared; and the insurrection in Corea was at an end.

Meetings. This day week the Duke of CONNAUGHT Dinners, &c. opened the new Medical Schools at St. Thomas's Hospital.

On Monday the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, with the Duke of YORK and two of his sisters, per-

formed the same kind office at Poplar, for the Missions to Seamen Home and the Accident Hospital.—Admiral ERBEN and the officers of the *Chicago* gave a reception on board that ship; and Merchant Taylors' School held its election speeches and dinner.

On Tuesday South Wales answered North by a meeting at Swansea in the same sense as that at Rhyl. The Anti-Gambling League met at Exeter Hall, and Dr. PERCIVAL, Headmaster of Rugby, said that, in the Provost of Eton's speech to Lord ROSEBURY, "Eton" had behaved like the leader of a tandem turning "round and looking the driver in the face." What Dr. PERCIVAL meant by this Rugby only knows! But it doubtless seemed sense and wit to a meeting where another speaker, Major SETON-CHURCHILL, observed that he had a friend who bred cows but did not race them. This amused the Anti-Gambling League hugely. Mr. BRYCE presided at a Sea Fisheries Authorities Conference.

On Wednesday the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES went to Aldershot that the former might present new colours to the 36th Regiment, a Herefordshire corps, which modern "territorial" wisdom calls the 2nd Worcestershire. The Duke of YORK presided, in his capacity of Master, at the Trinity House dinner, where, among others, Lord ROSEBURY spoke, and urged that overgrown armaments were, after all, blessings in disguise, seeing that they made nations afraid to begin fighting. His colleague, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, was meanwhile taking the chair at another dinner—that of the London Chamber of Commerce—and depicting the state of British trade in colours compared to which the Panglossian palette exhibits but greys and browns. Lord SPENCER, at the inspection of the *Warspite*, after Lady ROMNEY had given the prizes, made a speech on training-ships.

The Universities. In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, or rather its first division, on Tuesday, Messrs. ADIE and SEDGWICK were bracketed equal for the Senior Wranglership. In the second or higher division no male being came out in the first rank, but Miss JOHNSON, of Newnham, would have done so if she had been a man—a price no doubt too high to pay. On Wednesday Mr. J. W. CLARK delivered the Rede Lecture at Cambridge, giving a very curious and interesting account of the early arrangement of libraries in England, whereof probably there is no one better qualified to discourse.

Strikes. Mr. ASQUITH tried his conciliatory powers once more in vain yesterday week, when divers cabmen were convicted of intimidation, major and minor. The Scottish colliers had determined to strike.

Mr. ASQUITH's efforts were still fruitless this day week, on which day several fresh convictions for intimidation were reported. It was also the day of publication of some "supplementary observations" on Strike Prevention by the Labour Commission, or certain of its members.

But on Monday the HOME SECRETARY (or fate) prevailed, and a settlement was arrived at on terms, as regards the maximum, midway between the masters' and the men's demands, somewhat nearer to the former as regards the average, in the men's favour as regards the abolition of "yard-money," and against them as regards the abolition of "shorts," or credit. The newspapers, however, which curry favour with "Labour" of course shouted "Victory!" The striking cabs were not out on Tuesday, and it was by no means certain that Mr. ASQUITH's snark was a snark. The Departmental Committee to inquire into the cab system had begun sitting.

Instead of going back to work, the cabmen picketed the yards, and held a demonstration on Tuesday. The prospects of peace may be judged from, among other

things, an apparent recommendation of WHITE, the chief agitator, to the men not to work with blacklegs, it having been understood that "no difference between "Union and non-Union men" was one of the pillars of the compromise.

The majority of the cabmen returned to work on Wednesday, when the lounge of the crawler was once more seen in the land; but there was still a sharp dispute over the "privileged" or railway cabs; while in some yards the men were violating the agreement by refusing to work with "blacklegs."

On Thursday, the gross breaches of the agreement by the men having been repeatedly brought before Mr. ASQUITH's notice, he decided that the actual sum payable to the railways for privilege must be added to the maximum, and that picketing must be at once discontinued, and ought never to have been resumed.

The Law Courts. In the case of SELLMAN v. BRASER and BURRAGE this day week the jury were unable to agree. It was, however, noticeable for the unusual, if not unprecedented, terms in which the judge (Mr. Justice MATHEW) spoke of the conduct of the case by one of the counsel engaged in it. This counsel has since written, and induced others to write, in his defence.

On Monday the Court of Appeal reversed Mr. Justice STIRLING's decision on the "living pictures"; the extradition of MEUNIER was affirmed by the Queen's Bench Division; and the Northampton magistrates dismissed a summons against Messrs. FRAIL, lessees of the Northampton racecourse, for permitting betting. It was understood that this was part of the great Anti-Gambling raid which is to make Lord ROSEBURY forswear horseflesh and Sir HENRY HAWKINS avert his eyes from even a living picture of a racecourse.

On Tuesday the jury stopped an extremely enterprising libel case, which the plaintiff, a person of the name of MONTGOMERY, who was once, but is not now, an assistant-paymaster in the navy, brought against the *Army and Navy Gazette* for a review of a certain work of his. Sir GEOFFREY HORNEY was called for the defence, and, among other things, described one statement as a "most wicked lie," while the judge said of the whole book that "a more scurrilous production he had never heard."

The London County Council. This day week the majority in the London County Council was diminished by two, and a heavy chagrin was inflicted on its partisans through the return of Mr. PAYNE, the Moderate candidate for Rotherhithe, by a majority of more than five hundred. The Progressive vote was much the same as before the event, thus illustrating the fact that when those who pay the rates choose to take some slight interest in the question who spends it, they have it all their own way.

Games. Much golf occurred during the time covered by the present chronicle, ROLLAND beating PARK in a professional match at Sandwich, this day week; what time Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR was winning the Parliamentary Handicap at Furzedown. The Open Championship, which was contested at Sandwich on Monday and Tuesday, went to an English professional—TAYLOR of Winchester. The St. George's Amateur Challenge Vase on Wednesday was won by Mr. H. H. HILTON.

An athletic meeting between Oxford and Yale has been arranged to come off during the summer, with a set of events not very different from the Inter-University Sports, except that the long-distance race is omitted and the quarter-mile extended to half.

Yachting. Yacht-racing grew more interesting at the end of last week and the beginning of this, partly because of the weather, partly because the *Britannia* was no longer left without a suitable rival,

Mr. CLARK'S *Satanita*, considerably altered, being at length out. Unluckily the alterations increased her "rating," and she had to allow the PRINCE'S cutter some seconds. In her first race on Saturday in the Essex waters the weather was moderate, and the *Britannia* won without time allowance. But the fierce gusts of Monday brought out the *Satanita*'s best qualities, and she came in first by about a third of a length, though the allowance altered matters. Two forties—the *Carina* and *Vendetta*—also fought it out on this day, the *Carina* winning a victory which would have been thoroughly satisfactory if she had not been the newer boat. For everybody who really understands sport must see that the invariable success of the "new broom" spoils the fun, except from the mere racing dodge point of view.

The same quartet, or rather couple of pairs, had another good fight on Monday, when the *Britannia* came in first by two minutes, but lost the prize on a foul. The *Carina* repeated her win; and in a handicap match with four competitors the new yawl *Namara* again proved victorious.

Racing. The Oaks was a much more interesting race than the Derby, the accident to Amiable's leg having removed anything like a certainty. The Duke of PORTLAND'S filly, however, ran with extreme gameness, and won capitally from Sweet Duchess, the third, Sarana, being well behind. It is discreditable to the racing public that Amiable's victory should have been "not popular," for her owner had kept everything well before the public, and if the public "funked" backing her, that was the public's fault and not the Duke of PORTLAND'S.

Cricket. In their return match with Surrey (a twelve a side one), which came in the same week with their first defeat by that county, Cambridge had no better luck. RICHARDSON and LOCKWOOD were again too much for them, and though the innings defeat was just saved, Surrey made what was wanted without losing a man. Oxford did a little, but a very little, better with M. C. C., who beat them by 109, though Messrs. MORDAUNT and BARDSWELL played up. Yorkshire slew Sussex with ridiculous ease, the Southern county barely topping the 100 for twenty wickets. But Lancashire v. Middlesex was see-saw and interesting, and lasted into Saturday, when Middlesex just won on the last wicket, all the other matches having ended on the second day.

The weather of Monday was bad for all cricket, but did not actually prevent any except at Birmingham, where Warwickshire and Essex could not get to work at all. Scores elsewhere were very low save at Canterbury, where Mr. L. WILSON made 71 for the home county and Mr. L. PALAIRET 58 for Somerset. The most interesting match was Yorkshire v. Surrey, neither having, in the strictly championship contests, yet lost a match. This fate on the first day's play looked not unlikely to befall Yorkshire. For though Surrey only made, on a very bad wicket, 143, Yorkshire, having to play LOCKWOOD and RICHARDSON on a still worse, got out for 64, thus escaping, and no more, the follow on. Notts, playing against Middlesex at Lord's, found HEARNE and RAWLIN nearly as unpleasant; while in two other matches, Derbyshire v. Lancashire and Leicestershire v. South Africa, six innings were played for an average of a little over 50, the first of Lancashire giving barely three runs a man.

Tuesday's cricket was very similar to Monday's. Surrey, as was expected, beat Yorkshire, as did South Africa Leicestershire and Derbyshire Lancashire, the scoring being very small in all three matches. As before, Kent v. Somerset had better weather and freer cricket, another very fine innings of Mr. PALAIRET'S enabling Somerset to win by three wickets. Warwick-

shire and Essex at last got to work, and Warwickshire had somewhat the better in runs on the day, though Mr. KORTRIGHT took four wickets in six overs for five runs.

In the matches which were carried over to Wednesday, Middlesex beat Notts easily, and Warwickshire Essex more easily still.

Miscellaneous. A very destructive accident happened off the Irish coast on Thursday, a boat laden with harvesters capsizing between Achill and Westport, with the loss of more than thirty lives.

Obituary. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was sometimes spoken of as an Evangelical, which was not a very exact description. He was by no means a bad Churchman, though his Churchmanship was not quite according to knowledge, a very fair scholar and bishop, and a very good man.—SEÑOR MADRAZO was perhaps the best known of Spanish painters, though his art, like that of most Spanish painters for some time past, had a somewhat French complexion.—BARON NICOTERA was an Italian politician of the well-known extravagant type which Italy has contributed, not merely to plays and novels, but, unfortunately for her, to real life. His ability was not inconsiderable, and his honesty was not, we believe, seriously impeached; but certainly the country in which a man of his mantle-and-mask-and-stiletto type can make his way to Ministerial rank is not a happy one.—Of Lord COLERIDGE we write elsewhere.

Books. Two books of different classes of interest have been issued during the week, a most beautifully printed collection of *Latin Prose Versions*, edited by Professor G. G. RAMSAY, and issued by the Clarendon Press; and the account of the recent *British Mission to Uganda*, edited by Mr. RENNELL RODD from the MSS. of the regretted Sir GERALD PORTAL, with an introduction by Lord CROMER (ARNOLD).

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

WHETHER the Finance Bill will have got through the House of Commons before the middle of July, or whether it will much more nearly see that month out, is a question upon which expert opinions differ. What divides inexpert opinion—as expressed in the Ministerial newspapers—is the question whether, and, if so, how, the progress of that measure can be expedited. The conflict of judgment on this point between youth and ardour on the one hand, and years and caution on the other, is especially interesting, not to say amusing, to the spectator from the opposite side. Youthful ardour is vehemently in favour of the immediate or early exhibition of the gag. These counsels—the counsels, as it calls them, of "some impatient spirits"—elderly caution reproves. It points out that "this" is a great Budget, which for the first time introduces "duces new and large principles of finance," and should therefore be "thoroughly discussed"; that when it is through the Commons the House of Lords will have nothing to say to what they cannot constitutionally amend, and could not reject "without bringing the country to the verge of civil war"; and, finally—a "finally" quite on the lines of the local magnate's twentieth reason for not welcoming Royalty with a peal of bells—that there are no Obstructionists to gag. Elderly caution, however, does go on to concede thus much to youthful ardour—that "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might employ the ordinary Closure with greater frequency," and should in particular apply it "ruthlessly" to any amendment under discussion as soon as it is evident that "business is not meant."

This is capital good advice "in the abstract," but the difficulty which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER

would find in following it he has himself already indirectly indicated. To decide whether an amendment means business or not, you ought to know what it does mean; to know this you must have completely mastered the meaning and effect of the provision to which it is an amendment; and such complete mastery Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has admitted that he does not possess. "He had not," he said in speaking to an amendment of Mr. BUTCHER'S, "the advantage possessed by the hon. member of understanding these matters thoroughly. But he was guided by men who did understand them, and who had the administration of these affairs." The candour of the confession—we say it in all seriousness—is beyond praise; but it quite clearly renders it impossible for the confessing Minister to employ the Closure with the freedom of one who fully comprehends the discussion which he is forcibly cutting short. A Chancellor of the Exchequer could hardly rise and say, "The point in dispute is thoroughly grasped by the permanent officials of the Inland Revenue Department, and I therefore move that the question be now put." Hence we do not think that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could do much to expedite the progress of the Bill by the means suggested—at any rate, while the highly intricate and technical provisions with which it commences are under discussion. When at last he gets to the Spirit duty clauses his position will be altered—in one way for the better, but then, also, in another way for the worse. That is to say, the issues there being all simple enough, he will be much more free to move the Closure whenever he thinks fit. The trouble is that he will then have behind him a party not nearly so unanimous in their willingness to vote the Closure. He can call them to the Lobby at pleasure; but there arises the question—asked before this in connexion with spirits—whether they will come when he doth call for them. Not by the rosiest optimism of calculation can the prospective majorities in the critical divisions which must take place on the Beer and Spirit duty clauses be screwed up to anything like a decent figure. The Parnellite vote must be counted as a constant quantity against them; while the number of Healyites and MacCarthyites who can be brought over from Ireland to vote with them is a very inconstant quantity indeed. They are going to lose some members belonging to the threatened interests from their own side; and Mr. T. W. RUSSELL has unkindly blighted their hopes of catching any Unionist Temperance men. Altogether it is not a pleasant prospect.

Still it is a prospect which must be faced, and the ordeal is one which cannot be long delayed. But it is becoming daily more and more evident that the Government have not the slightest desire for facing anything which they can possibly avoid. They must pass their Budget Bill, and they must get their Supply; but there is no other "must" in the matter, so far as Ministers are concerned, and unless it is created for them by their followers. And this it is which causes youthful ardour to make itself a little ridiculous in its differences with elderly discretion. Elderly discretion has evidently had the "tip"; while youthful ardour either has not had it or has virtuously refused to notice it. Because, it is quite evident to those who know how to read their official and semi-official journals with understanding that this newborn moderation on the part of Ministerial writers is lineally descended from a sudden contraction of Ministerial ambitions. The Government, in other words, would like nothing better than to be kept discussing their "new and large" financial principle to so late a period of the year as to put Welsh Disestablishment and Evicted Tenants, and possibly "one man one vote," out of all question of this year's considera-

tion; and if one of the two Ministerial journals is too ardent (and innocent) to have detected this preference on the part of the Government, the other evidently is not.

HISTORICAL GOLF.

MINDS accessible to the pleasures of pedantry must be gratified with many things that are written about golf, especially in a week when many valiant deeds of golfers have been recorded, and when hapless Caledonia mourns the laurels ravished by the Southron, except those which crown the brow of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR. There is a jolly unconscious ignorance, for example, in which the author of an article in an evening paper of Monday last swims about, which is an agreeable thing to such as are not simple men. He talks of "JOHNNIE BULL," as if Mr. BALL, of Hoylake, were named after our eponymous British hero, JOHN BULL. Of course (it may be necessary to say) JOHN BALL is not Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS'S Rev. JOHN BALL, who, with Mr. STRAW, Mr. TYLER, and other misters, used to get up Labour Movements in the fourteenth century. "JOHNNIE BALL" is quite a different person; however, "BULL" for "BALL" may be a *coquille* (or printer's error). But, when the evening historian talks vaguely about "one of the Royal Scotch JAMES'S," and how he was interrupted in a match by news of an Irish popular movement, then the stern historian has this authority, as the thoughtless say, "on toast." The writer gets his information, as we are told, "from a picture," as if the art of reading had not been invented, or as if the very "Badminton" book had not been written. The "Royal Scotch JAMES'S" would have welcomed the news of any worry in Ireland—a country which was not, as it happens, under their dominion, or it might be a peaceful, contented part of the Empire to-day. The picture is by Sir JOHN GILBERT, and represents a monarch not unknown to fame as CHARLES I. The ordinary legend is that when he heard of the Rebellion he was playing golf at Leith, threw down his club, and gave up the hole.

WODROW, however, no partial friend, avers that King CHARLES played his game out like a man, but gives no news as to whether he won or not. His elder brother HENRY was a golfer, and his father's clubs (his father was JAMES VI. and I.) were preserved during the present century in a house in Perthshire. HENRY died young, and history says little of CHARLES'S form; but his son, the Duke of YORK (later JAMES II.) was a first-class amateur, and played in a celebrated professional foursome; or had a professional, rather, for his partner. Of his son's golf little or nothing is known, but Prince CHARLES played in the Borghese Gardens, and probably found myrtles and roses very tough hazards. Even the Covenanters were keen golfers, and the Rev. Mr. BLAIR could not keep club-making out of his sermons, while others compared the Christian's "course" to a match in which the Devil commonly plays the two more. The well-known bunker called "Hell" was probably so named by the Rev. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, that flower of the Kirk who never could carry it from the tee; hence the violence of his language—for you got into the whins, then, if you tried to keep to the right, on your way to the Elysian Fields. Had BUNYAN been a St. Andrews man, we might probably have had an allegory of the "Christian Golfer's Progress," but Bedford is an inland county, and BUNYAN swore terribly at tip-cat. In a bunker he would have been very edifying.

Historical information from Flanders was given by Mr. MAYHEW last week, in the *Illustrated London News*. The British Museum has a volume of cuttings out of a Flemish sacred work, probably of 1500-1520.

At the foot of the almanac is a miniature design of the sport for the month; for September we have golf—the artist thinking of the September meeting, no doubt. The design represents a scene at the last hole. The pavilion is in the background; a player in green, who seems to be dressing after a warm round, stands in the doorway, watching the finish of a match. One player is putting at the hole; the flag, very properly, has been removed. He kneels to his putt, and holds his hand as low on the club near the head as any follower of Mr. LAIDLAY. A spectator points out this manœuvre to the other player, who holds up his hand, probably exclaiming, “I say, do you ‘call that golf?’ as well he may. It is a short putt that each of them has to make, and they are using iron putters. A bit of a hazard, a tree with some trellis-work, guards the hole on one side. Hard by another player on the teeing ground is addressing himself to his ball for a drive. He has a bad grip, holding his hands too wide apart. This interesting relic proves that men really putted to holes in Flanders about 1500, not to a stump or post as in some countries. As under JAMES VI. the Scotch imported balls from the Low Countries, the game, too, may have had its origin there; though, as every one knows, it was reckoned too popular in Scotland about 1450. It seems probable that the Flemings used very few clubs, perhaps only one—a cleek. A very pretty Flemish picture at Christie’s, this week, showed a little girl armed with a cleek, and a little boy equipped with a driver. As early as MONTROSE’S day, men carried as many clubs as at present. The players in the miniature are dressed as yeomen, not as kings, at the Royal and Ancient game.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW OF AFRICA.

WE can well understand, though we do not to any great extent share, the kind of shudder which went through some English newspapers, by no means of one party only, at Sir EDWARD GREY’S statement that France had been invited, if she likes, to join England in “a general review” of all pending questions in Africa between the countries. Of course, if Egypt were included in Africa we could not only understand the shudder but should share it. But that is hardly probable; and if Lord ROSEBERY thinks that an Anglo-French “review” of the rest of the continent would be beneficial, we think he might give grounds for his opinion. In matters literary and some others “There is so much not to say” is a very excellent rule, and it is not without application in matters political. But it is not one that pays in dealing with France on questions of frontier and territory; and we are at this moment smarting from a too lavish belief in it. There are several reasons for this. By general consent of third parties, the French, though much pleasanter companions than ourselves, are not nearly as good neighbours; and in their colonies more particularly they are apt to be possessed by a hot and restless spirit of encroachment and quarrel-seeking. They really do believe (what no Englishman with a little brains ever quite brings himself to believe) that the bestowal of their presence and rule upon the world at large is a sacred mission for themselves and an unquestionable blessing for the others. Added to which the ignorance of Frenchmen is colossal, and their docility to whoso speaks with an air of authority enormous. It is, therefore, easy for men like Lieutenant MIZON and Captain MONTEIL in one way, like M. ALIS and M. DELONCLE in another, to persuade them that France is being somehow wronged when anything is done that is not in some precise bond and document. And this peculiarity is specially dangerous at a moment when France is really a little

stronger than she has been; when a new generation, which feels the shame, but never felt the lesson, of 1870, has come to manhood; and when the successive fall of Ministry after Ministry has driven the tenth- and twelfth-rate politicians of whom alone France can now boast almost to their wits’ end for a policy or a cry.

If, therefore, the English “reviewers” keep their heads, and refuse to budge an inch from the clear rights of this country, the “review”—though we doubt its being very profitable in any other way—might have at least this advantage, that it would take away from the French the feeble shadow of an excuse which they have for blustering. “You did not expressly say to us that you were going here, that ‘you reserved rights there, and so forth,’ is what this shadow comes to. Let us now say, without reserve or silence, what we mean to give and what to keep in Africa. It will not do much good in the irresponsible quarters; for at the present moment the led-writers of the French Niger claimants are reckoning as French regions allotted in the clearest manner to England by the actual agreement between the two Powers. But it will at least put the matter diplomatically right for the future. Only the review must not be converted to the extent of one inch into a retreat. We have, as we pointed out last week, given France far too much already; and not one yard of land to the east of a line drawn from Tunis to Lake Tchad, or north of the old frontier of the Congo State, or south and west of the arranged boundary on the Niger, should be allowed to her.

We do not think that there is much risk of any serious trouble if the review is conducted in this spirit. It suits M. HANOTAUX to make a dust with his new broom, and the French press to shriek, and the French Chamber to vote sums of money (about one-fifth of that which has been already spent in Dahomey, close to the sea) for carrying war, or something very like war, into the heart of Africa. But colonial service is still desperately unpopular with the bulk of the nation, expenditure in earnest on colonial objects is not better liked, and—what is more—everybody who really knows, knows that a decent cause of quarrel is not procurable. It appears not improbable that, with judicious management, the Morocco question, which has supervened, may draw France and England together instead of thrusting them apart. Even French correspondents in London have taken to speaking words of wisdom, and the Germans, fond enough of grumbling at England themselves, have, with characteristic want of tenderness for other people’s feelings, asked France in so many words, and in a good many different voices, whether she really is under the delusion that they are going to quarrel with us for her. The inheritance of Belgium, we may remind our French friends, is not unanimously acknowledged in Berlin to be irrevocably entailed upon France, and while Germany has no decent reason to quarrel with the English acquisition of little more than a way-leave between Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza, she is actually bound to regard the rest of the territories in question as within England’s sphere. We are, of course, aware that objections have been taken to Sir EDWARD GREY’S account of the German attitude, and that his words on Thursday indicate a more unreasonable tone in Germany. We are well acquainted with the restlessness and land-hunger of the German Colonial-men, and the insinuated notion that a little “consideration” may be got out of England is not improbable, considering that we had to give Germany Heligoland in order to induce her to let us give her half Zanzibar. But we can hardly think so ill of the German EMPEROR’S or his CHANCELLOR’S sense of reason and justice as to believe that a serious protest could

be made; though we can quite believe that Lord KIMBERLEY, comparatively inexperienced in Foreign Affairs as he is, may have omitted some of those preliminary courtesies of notification which are the *pommade* of diplomacy.

Last of all, though the matter is delicate, let us suggest to Frenchmen that if they lose their heads in this matter, the result, supposing Germany to care to take a hand in it, might be, not the extension, but the more or less complete loss of their colonial empire. That empire is nowhere, not even in Algeria, very firmly established, and it nowhere, except in Algeria, has the slightest support worth speaking of, except in the French soldiers and sailors quartered on the spot or anchored at the ports. Would it not be better to make Cochinchina and the Gaboon, French Nigritia and Cayenne, into real working colonies, paying their way, and at once encouraging and attracting the growth of population in France, than to grab at more with hands that cannot use, and that conceivably might not be able to hold, what is in them already?

LOBBY GOVERNMENT.

THE sentiment which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT adopted from Captain MACHEATH the other day did injustice to the variety and complication of his entanglements. It is not a question of t'other dear charmer. There is more than an alternative. If he had to do with POLLY and LUCY only, things would go more smoothly than they do. But as many feminine Christian names are concerned as COWLEY commemorated in his poem of "The Mistress." Nor was he able under the more trying solicitations to which he was exposed to maintain the resolute attitude which Captain MACHEATH exhibited. It was no question of both teasing him together, but of half a dozen teasing him together. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, while affecting a virtuous indifference in public, allowed his real inclination to be made known to the object of his preference. If he did not show the impartial reserve of the hero of *The Beggar's Opera*, he may be acquitted of the duplicity which under similar situations marked the conduct of the hero of the *Festin de Pierre*. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not a Parliamentary MACHEATH, neither is he a Parliamentary Don JUAN. He allowed it to be made known in confidence to the Irish POLLY that she had won favour in his eyes. Only she must wait until he had settled his financial affairs. She must say *mum* while he was saying *Budget*. Unfortunately this was just what POLLY was unable to do. She could not keep the secret entrusted to her. POLLY, like some of the lower organizations in the natural world, is a composite person. If a Cabinet of seventeen, or even of much smaller number, is often found to be leaky—*plenus rimarum*, as BACON has it—what is to be expected of a party of seventy? To entrust a secret to them was to pour water into a sieve. No sooner was Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's confidential communication made known to the Irish Septuagint than it was made known to all the world. It was to be read in the newspapers next day. The question arose, How did it get there? Who told it? Perhaps the question Who did not tell it? might be numerically simpler, and admit of more speedy answer. The fact that there was only one secret does not by any means imply that there was only one breaker of confidence. There is quite as likely to have been a competition of disclosure.

The history of the matter, which is not of itself of great importance, and which may have escaped the attention or faded from the memory of some of our readers, may be briefly narrated. The anti-Parnellite party, which, as was said of an eminent statesman, could not

take tea without a conspiracy, met in one of the Committee-rooms of the House, on the last day of May, to receive a momentous communication from their amiable chairman. As the friends of the imprisoned ROGERO concealed their designs in a song, so the anti-Parnellites hid theirs under a pretext of deliberating on the Irish Education Bill—a copy of which, it is probable, each member ostentatiously carried. When they were together, and the doors were closed, the Education Bills were dropped—a fate which seems to await all Government measures—and Mr. MCCARTHY announced that Ministers had decided in favour of the Irish POLLY. In other words, they would press on the Irish Evicted Tenants Bill as soon as the Budget was safe, and other measures must take their chance—that is to say, they would be one and all abandoned. But the secret must be kept, in order not to dash the hopes of the Welsh LUCY and the rest. It was confided to the safe keeping of the press, and appeared next morning in frank and unabashed nudity. On Monday the anti-Parnellites met, not to receive a secret, but to consider how to keep one. Among the newer developments of the older journalism there is an institution, an animated institution, proudly referred to as "Our Lobby Correspondent," whose function it is to haunt the precincts of the House, to worm out secrets from guileless members, and to negotiate a barter of news for praise, support, or other valuable consideration. There is a sort of organized journalistic detective force, whose business (not always very successfully exercised) it is to anticipate the BUBB DODINGTONS, and GEORGE ROSES, and GREVILLES of our day, and to make the secret, as often the false as the true, history of the time contemporary with its public records. By one or more of these inquirers some anti-Parnellite (or anti-Parnellites) was tempted and fell. The remedy proposed in the conference on Monday was to put Irish members on their honour, but not to trust to that. Various other suggestions were made. Irish members were not to speak to journalists, but to pass by on the other side—possibly with a wink and a nod. Like love, an irrepressible desire to get rid of a secret will soon find out a way. If an Irish member is prohibited from speaking to a journalist, he may speak to somebody who may speak to a journalist. Perhaps the system of shadowing might be adopted; or the rule that no Irish member shall ever go anywhere unaccompanied by some other Irish member, after the practice in force among the members of certain religious orders. The real fault, however, is not with the Irish members, but with the Government, which, having no party behind it in which it can honourably confide, is forced to intrigue with one section of its supporters against the rest, and naturally finds itself betrayed to those whom it endeavours to hoodwink.

ARBITRATION AND STRIKES.

THE "Observations" which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and several of his colleagues in the Royal Commission on Labour have added to the Report would be entitled to attention at any time. But they are published when there are particularly good reasons for considering them. The object of those who have drawn up these Observations is to suggest some means by which the use of arbitration for the purpose of averting strikes may be made more effectual. This is the wish of every reasonable man, and would not be disavowed in words even by those Labour leaders whose actions are apparently mainly directed to producing these destructive conflicts. At this moment the desire may well be felt with exceptional strength; for we have evidence how little Lord ROSEBURY's arbitration has done permanently to avert strikes in the coal trade,

and the nature of Mr. ASQUITH's intervention in the cab strike is not calculated to increase our confidence in such methods of patching up a peace; while it would be absurd to speak of either mediation, or whatever other name be applied to it, as having served to avert the evil. And there is nothing to show that similar action on the part of politicians would do so in the future. If something better could be found, few, except those whose mischievous occupation would be gone, would be other than profoundly pleased.

Mr. ASQUITH's arbitration is a particularly good, as well as extremely timely, instance of the present futility of the thing. The influence of the HOME SECRETARY may perhaps have helped the two bargaining parties to come a day or two sooner than they otherwise would have done, to the decision to meet at some point between their respective extreme claims. The terms accepted by owners and drivers may represent a fair enough result for a trade "higgle." But this is not enough to prove that arbitration as at present practised is of any solid value. Nothing has been done towards averting disputes in future. On the contrary, some of the most promising excuses for a quarrel are left untouched. The proviso, for instance, that "shorts" are to be abolished is a manifest futility, unless the Union agrees to make no opposition when owners steadily refuse to hire out cabs to a man who has once failed to pay in the full amount of money which he undertook to pay, whether he has taken enough during the day or not. It would be rash to suppose that this rigid method of conducting business would not sooner or later produce ill-feeling. Again, it was settled that the standard price is to apply only to first-class cabs, and that the scale for others is to be fixed by bargain. At a meeting of the cab proprietors one of them recommended that all cabs should be considered of the best quality, and charged for at the highest rate. It would certainly be a breach of the spirit of the agreement if proprietors were to act on this recommendation, but that it should have been made will serve to show the ineffectual nature of Mr. ASQUITH's award. It is idle to talk of first-class cabs if no definition of the phrase is given, and no means are provided for restraining an owner from refusing to let out his property under 16s. a day. The absurdity of an arbitration lies, in fact, in the want of any power of coercion. There is nothing to bind either party to accept it; and Mr. ASQUITH's so-called settlement is not a day old before one of the parties at least is heard threatening to violate it. At the demonstration in Hyde Park at which Mr. ASQUITH's award was accepted by the men one of the speakers announced that "The Union would not have blacklegs. The men who had been so cowardly as to take out cabs while the main body of men had been trying to fight out the question of the living wage for their wives and children, deserved to have a watchful eye kept on them, and no doubt those before him would give them a lively time in future." This was said by the President of the Cabmen's Union, who had just come from making an agreement of which one provision was that the Union men should work with those who did not belong to their body. It would be a mere quibble to assert that this did not imply an engagement to work with men taken on by the owners during the strike. The incitements of this agitator were not the only signs that his Union declines to keep its promises even to the ear. Yards were picketed the day after the so-called conclusion of the strike. When Mr. ASQUITH was appealed to by the owners, and had forwarded their complaint to the officials of the Union, the answer he received was that "the men picketed the yard of Messrs. SCOTT and HIBBERD, as they considered that they had broken the agreement." It is unnecessary to go into the merits of this sub-dispute.

The point is that Mr. ASQUITH's award may be interpreted by either side as it pleases. Picketing was carried on in spite of the terms of the settlement, and it is characteristic that the men endeavoured to make the masters pay the fee for privileged cabs.

The object of the Commissioners who sign with the Duke of DEVONSHIRE is to avert the repetition of such absurdities in future. Unfortunately their recommendations do not appear to us to promise to do much or even any appreciable good—and for one simple reason. Their remedy would depend for its validity on the voluntary consent of associations of masters and men to agree to submit to liabilities and restrictions, which we are quite sure most Trade-Unions would not hear of for a moment, and we imagine that many confederations of employers would not greatly like. The suggestion is, that the Trade-Union Act of 1871 should be so far modified as to permit associations of masters or men to acquire a legal personality which would enable them to sue, and render them liable to be sued. The Commissioners cite various cases in which this change in the law would work for good. For instance, they suppose a case in which masters and men, having duly provided themselves with legal personality, submit some dispute between them to arbitration, and then one of them refuses to abide by the decision. If this occurred, the aggrieved party might submit for the time being, and seek a remedy by suing the other for damages. The Commissioners are aware that even in this case the men could not be compelled to work for reduced wages, or masters to continue paying what appeared to them an excessive rate. Their hope is that the public and orderly action of "Legal Personalities" would serve to guide opinion, and that in this way wholesome pressure would be put on the contending parties, and that the actual misery of a strike might be averted.

We may allow that, to a certain limited extent, there is plausibility in their suggestion. Where masters and men are alike sensible people, and averse from pushing things to extremes, good might well be done by it. In the case, for instance, of the last dispute in the weaving trade, an end might have been reached sooner if the respective associations of masters and men had been in possession of a Legal Personality. To be sure, the Legal Personalities might, and, given the rather dour character of the respective parties, very probably would, have elected to do just what they did. The Commissioners do not propose that Legal Personalities should be compelled to arbitrate unless they choose. Still, no harm would have been done, and good might have come. Unluckily this is not the kind of trade dispute by which mischief is most conspicuously done, and the recommendation of the Commissioners does not touch the other order of strike, which is a pest. It does not, for one thing, provide for the case of the Union which comes into existence for the purpose of organizing a strike—that is to say, the most actively injurious of all. But what is more, the proposal of the Commissioners that a Trade-Union should render itself liable to be sued by its members, and by other parties for the acts of its agents, would at once secure its peremptory rejection by every important body of the kind in the country. The Trade-Union Act of 1871, under pretence of removing the last restriction on the freedom of workmen to combine, has facilitated the formation of associations possessing a freedom from responsibility, and a power of coercion, never enjoyed by any bodies of Englishmen before. It is true that, not having a legal personality, they cannot sue their members for subscriptions; but for the very same reason they cannot be sued when they confiscate the money which a member, whom they desire to punish, has paid for years to a sick or old-age fund. This most efficient instrument of coercion is unquestion-

ably used with great effect to overawe minorities of workmen who may not approve of the action of the Union. It might well be limited if these bodies came directly under the supervision of the Courts, as they would do from the day on which they acquired the glories of a Legal Personality. It may be astonishing to the Thoughtful Lawyer, justly conscious of the beauty of the law, that any body of sane men should shrink from the scrutiny of the judges; but "these things are," as NELSON used to complain. The Trade-Unions will not lightly part with the extraordinary privilege of not possessing a body to be kicked, and yet of possessing plenty of legs with which to kick others. It is obvious, again, that, if they were made capable of responsibility for the actions of their agents, their power to kick could only be used at a notable risk. "Labour movements," said Mr. BURNS in the Park, "could only succeed by physical suffering on the part of the men and mental discipline on the part of the leaders." That men should be prepared to undergo physical suffering whenever mental discipline teaches the leader that it would be well for him to figure at the head of a strike may only show that humanity is led by enthusiasms, and by the nose as easily as asses are. But it is unreasonable to expect their leaders to submit voluntarily to limitations on their own power. It would not have been more futile to ask a Scotch baron to agree that his vassals should take a direct oath of homage to the king. Not without coercion would he submit to any such thing, nor will the Unions, until a great change has come over them, submit to the restrictions which they would put on with a Legal Personality. If any man says that the Trade-Union Act of 1871 was a folly, that it gave enormous powers for mischief to irresponsible bodies, and that no Union ought to be allowed to exist at all which does not secure a Legal Personality which may be controlled, we shall be happy to hear him. But this is not the recommendation of the Commissioners.

TWO VIEWS OF THE SITUATION.

THE London Chamber of Commerce has been fortunate in catching the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER in an exceptionally jovial mood. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, it is true, is always cheerful, as he should be, in his after-dinner oratory, and his entertainers on any occasion may count upon his not depressing them with a gloomy speech. Last Wednesday night, however, his spirits were exuberant beyond example, even for him, and the more noticeably so because they did not display themselves in any more, perhaps, in even less, of verbal jocularly than usual. It was from the roseate glow of complacency which suffused his view of the entire commercial situation that his mood was to be inferred. Everything, according to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, seems to be "looking up." We were having bad times when he was last at the Treasury, in 1886, and some people thought that we should never have good times again. But the tide turned (when the Government of that day were turned out—though Sir WILLIAM did not mention this little matter), and we had a recurrence of prosperity which culminated in the year 1890. From 1890 things began to grow worse, and have recently reached their worst. But trade will revive again; the tide will turn as it did before (on a recurrence—though Sir WILLIAM did not suggest this—of the same political conditions), and another advance of prosperity will begin and culminate—under a Unionist Government. It is not likely that this country can "ever have to face so great a combination of adverse circumstances as those which were gathered together in the year which has

"just closed, the year 1893." No, indeed. With the Ministerial majority brought low down in its teens, it is quite likely that at least one of the "adverse circumstances" will have disappeared from the combination by the end of the year 1894.

There was, however, one limit to the optimism which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT so gaily paraded. All was well, according to him, with "trade and capital," with "prices and wages," even with "investment and limited liability." But we do not observe that he said anything about agriculture. His references to the weather were purely illustrative, merely introductory of references to the "trade barometer." He did not connect the weather with its usual companion, "the crops," or assure his audience that there was a good time coming for the landowner and the farmer as well as for the manufacturer and the artisan. It was a great opportunity to be missed by a preacher of optimism who had been so eloquently descanting on the merits of his philosophy, and the disadvantages of the opposite way of thinking. Here, indeed, was a chance for making converts. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT should have pointed to the condition of the county of Essex, and—after reminding his hearers that, wherever else in England the prospects of agriculture were one degree less desperate than in that county, the immediate effect of his Budget will be to redress inequality and establish uniformity in disaster—he should have gone on to bid them be of good cheer, and to quote Mr. MORLEY for the proposition that the county of Essex or any other county may be made to "wave with golden grain" by the simple expedient of legislating the landlord out of existence. That would have been optimism indeed; and if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER could only have treated the guests of the London Chamber of Commerce to a prophecy of that kind, we doubt whether the most confirmed pessimist among them could have gone away sorrowful. Such invincible hopefulness would have radiated a contagion impossible to escape. But Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could not screw up his courage quite so high as this, and he fought as shy of the subject of British agriculture as though he had actually begun to doubt the ultimately revivifying and restorative operation upon it of his financial medicines.

It is to be regretted, for his own sake, that he did so, because, as it is, the encouragement which the public might otherwise have derived from his cheerful utterances can hardly fail to be somewhat qualified by the speech of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE at Buxton. For, in the first place, the Duke's remarks upon the immediate effect of the Budget are based upon a review of its operation upon his own possessions, and on his present mode of employing them; and these are matters of which he may be credited with knowing almost as much as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows of the trade of the country, the causes of its depression, and the prospects of its revival. The comparison, further, between the two speakers is the more disquieting because the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, unlike the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, deals in facts only, and not in speculations, and sets forth these facts, in spite of their intimate bearing on his personal interests, with a cold neutrality which some even of Sir WILLIAM's supporters, we should think, must find uncomfortably impressive. After pointing out what must be the inevitable effect upon the DEVONSHIRE estates of certain financial proposals "which will in all probability shortly become law," and that it will no longer be possible for him or his successors to devote that large proportion of the incomes arising from these estates to the public purposes to which it is now, and always has been, appropriated, the Duke went on to disclaim any intention of appealing to the sympathy of his hearers,

or even of challenging the justice of these proposed changes. "I do not," he said, "contend that it is a necessity that I, or my family, or my successors, should be in a position to keep up great places like Chatsworth, or Hardwick, or Bolton Abbey, or Lismore, in Ireland. I do not contend that it is a necessity that we should be placed in a position where we can enjoy the luxury of striving to be surrounded by a contented and prosperous tenantry and people. I do not contend that it is a necessity for us that we should have the privilege of aiding in every good and charitable work in every part of the counties with which we are connected. These things have been a pride and pleasure to my predecessors and to myself; but they are not necessities." All that the Duke desires to do is to warn his neighbours and the public that, if the time should be approaching—and he is of opinion that it cannot be deferred beyond the period of his own life—when the expenditure on his estates will have to be reduced, and when Chatsworth and the other places which are public resorts will have to be shut up, it will not be due to any fault of his own or of those who succeed him, but will be solely a consequence of the inexorable necessities of democratic finance."

It is to be feared, as we have said, that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S "pessimism," as we suppose we must call it, will exercise a somewhat chilling effect upon many minds which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S optimism might otherwise have cheered. Indeed, this effect was visible in the House of Commons itself on Thursday. After all, they must feel it is not so very difficult to draw a pleasing picture of the state of the country if you are allowed to omit all reference to what is at once the most important and the most distressed of its industries. No doubt the prospective closing of "Chatsworth and other places which are public resorts" may give but little concern to that variety of the New Radical who looks forward to a time when the impoverished landowner will be eager to dispose of his property to the County Council, and when the face of the country will be covered by People's Parks innumerable, once the show-places of the aristocracy, and still supported out of rates mainly levied on their former owners, or such of these *taillables à merci et à miséricorde* who still remain in England to be taxed. But even some of the New Radicals, especially those who do not happen to belong also to the order of the New Economists, may possibly be able to see that "Budget-ing" the great landlords—or, for that matter, the small ones either—out of house and home will have other results than that of closing a certain number of historic houses until such time as they are "resumed" by that "State" to which, as a part of the property of their last deceased owners, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has, out of the book of BLACKSTONE, triumphantly proved them to belong. It will have the result of annually "nationalizing" a fund—amounting, in the Duke of DEVONSHIRE'S case, to "from six to ten, and possibly twelve, years of any available income" from his estates—which hitherto has been spent upon purposes which contribute, not only to the comfort and happiness of large local communities, but (in respect of that large portion of it which is invested in agricultural improvements) to the material wealth and prosperity of the whole nation. With those who can believe that this money will be more productively employed by the State in balancing democratic Budgets—or, in other words, in defraying the expenditure of political parties in the purchase of votes at successive elections—it is impossible to argue. Those who do not see that much of this expenditure is as essentially unproductive as that of the spendthrift heir who takes money out of the land to squander it upon the Turf are simply impenetrable to economic

reasoning. But if there be any Radicals—and we suppose there must be some—who can appreciate the difference between these two uses of capital, they must surely have found it impossible to study the principles of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S "great Budget" and to consider its inevitable consequences without some qualms of misgiving. Surely they must see that, from the point of view of the national prosperity—leaving public faith and legislative honesty for the moment out of the question—it would be a less ruinously wasteful policy to expropriate landlords altogether, provided that the incomes from their confiscated estates continued to be applied to the same purposes of productive expenditure as at present, than periodically to carve enormous slices from their estates and distribute them among the improvident fad-mongers, the self-seeking agitators, and all those other drones in the hive whose only claim to the bounty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is that they command the votes which he requires to keep him in office.

LORD COLERIDGE.

IT was not the fortune of the late Lord COLERIDGE to escape criticism at any period of his life, and it may be allowed that peculiarities of manner and limitations of character did, to some extent, lay him open to fault-finding. His fellow-Etonians, who nicknamed him the Crocodile, were doubtless not less perspicacious or more unjust than other schoolboys. They fixed on a certain facility in expressing emotion which Englishmen of all ages are perhaps somewhat too ready to believe must necessarily indicate insincerity. Both as an advocate and as a judge he met with somewhat severe professional criticism. Even if the evidence to go upon were at hand, it would be unbecoming at present to spend time in measuring its weight. It may well be that those qualities of suavity of manner, elegance, and personal charm to which Lord COLERIDGE owed much of his success in life prejudiced men in whom they were not conspicuous. It is hard for contemporaries to pardon a successful rival, whom they know to be their inferior in acquired knowledge, for natural gifts which prove more fruitful than their industry. The criticism that his speeches wanted "grit and iron," made by one who certainly had no reason to regard the career of any contemporary with envy, may also be subject to a certain discount. Often enough a phrase of this kind is only a variation on the words "he is not like me"—and, indeed, there were many differences between Lord COLERIDGE and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN.

The qualities of strength are doubtless the best, but they are not everything. Lord COLERIDGE wanted "the grit and iron" which abounded in Sir ALEXANDER, but the deficiency was compensated by charm and cleverness, as well as by a double portion of scholarship and literature. As a barrister (a capacity in which the *Saturday Review* had long the benefit of his services), he brought to the Courts something of which they have stood often in need. He was attentive to the form of his work, and he did not appeal to the supposed liking of the jury for forensic cock-fighting. He was never, we believe, accused of trading on a barrister's immunity from actions for libel. It must also be remembered to his honour that he knew his own limitations as a lawyer, and showed his knowledge by declining to succeed Lord ROMILLY as Master of the Rolls, when he might have done so, and at a time when it was very uncertain whether his party would be long in a position to offer him promotion. If Lord COLERIDGE had been fortunate enough to secure the entire approval of his fellow-lawyers, he might still have been an obscure figure to

the great majority of his countrymen. But he was a very conspicuous figure in public life, and had contrived to impress himself on the attention of many who pay slight regard to what passes in the Courts, and are quite indifferent to professional merits which they do not understand. It would be going beyond our scope to inquire what were the qualities which made Lord COLERIDGE conspicuous. Perhaps his extreme dignity of manner had much to do with it, and the fact that his "silvery eloquence" did not always disdain platitude and cheap sentiment had some further share. But, whatever the causes may have been, Lord COLERIDGE was not one of the judges who are mere judges. In fact, he was a judge because he was something else first. The system which expects a man to fill a judicial post because he is a good party man might have supplied JOSEPH DE MAISTRE with an admirable illustration of one of his favourite doctrines. It is when stated baldly absurd, but it has arisen naturally and unconsciously, therefore it works excellently, if only because it secures to the Bench a steady supply of men of known character. English judges would not enjoy the prestige they possess if they had at all times only been lawyers.

WERTHER AT COVENT GARDEN.

M. MASSENET, after having tried his hand at every possible *genre* (including the *genre ennuyeux*—for was not his "Hérodias" nicknamed "Ennuyade"?) from Genesis and Hindoo theology in *Eve* and *Le Roi de Lahore* to *féerie* in *Esclarmonde* and *Le Mage*, was tempted in due course of time to express musically *un état d'âme*. For that is what the sorrows of young Werther amount to, though, of course, one cannot say whether the subject has thus appealed to the distinguished French composer. M. Massenet has, most probably, seen here only a love story, violent enough to flatter his special idiosyncrasies, and a series of *genre* pictures over which this story could be spread. His librettists—three in number, MM. Paul Milliet, Hartmann, and Blau—are answerable for the latter, and we will see first how they set about providing the composer with a pretext for musical treatment. Let us say at once that the story furnished is plain and plausible; lyrics are always safe in the hands of M. Milliet, whilst M. Blau's great experience of the stage is a guarantee of the efficacy of the situations provided; M. Hartmann's share in the work is limited to "having suggested" the possibilities of *Werther*, and, though this may not seem sufficient for his appearance as joint author, still, as these matters in France are translated into "droits d'auteur," the thing was quite worth the trouble.

And so we have a plain and plausible story, situations, and, mostly, fine lyrics; but whether all these make a good book is another question. Whatever interest is provoked by the sorrows of Werther in the original is due to the masterly way in which the evolution of an unhappy passion is traced and tracked step by step; once the psychological document is done away with, as is the case in the present instance, the peculiar pathetic flavour of the whole thing—its undefinable local colour, so characteristic of the epoch and the race, and even that kind of morbid charm which *le mal violent d'amour* is sure to exercise—all these are gone as well. One remains face to face with a trivially eternal story, where much has to be taken for granted, and where the final catastrophe has not the previous excuse found in the original. In other words, the book of *Werther*, though a practical one, is not satisfactory from an æsthetic point of view. First and foremost Goethe's hero has been turned into Monsieur Vertèrre, if only to bring his silhouette nearer our end-of-century types of *crime passionnel* propensities. It is in vain that Monsieur Vertèrre invokes nature:—

... pleine de grâce
Reine du temps et de l'espace.

It is to small purpose that one hears him sing—

Ici-bas rien ne vaut les enfants,

and even his monologue on death is not convincing.

So much for Werther. Charlotte, a more difficult type to pluck from the pages of Goethe and to present before the foot-lights, appears in the libretto absolutely *quelconque*. Sophie is perhaps the best-conceived character, both by the librettists and the composer, and the rest serve the purpose for which they have been invented. MM. Milliet, Hartmann, and Blau, in their version, follow often the excellent translation of *Werther*, published in the series known as *La Bibliothèque Nationale*, interpolating, at times, whole sentences with no small amount of skill. From a purely literary point of view Werther's monologue on death:—

Pourquoi trembler devant la mort? . . .

and the sonnet after Ossian—

Pourquoi me réveiller,
Ô souffle du printemps!—

may be singled out for praise. The librettists have transposed the action at least ten years later, in 178—, instead of 1771–2. Why?

M. Massenet has written to this book a score typically characteristic of all the qualities and the shortcomings of his undoubted talent. The Massenet hall-mark is patent in every line, and this is praise, for the composer has a style entirely personal. There is also the quaint melodic design, the phrase which seems, in its initial steps, to run away from all notions of form, but which falls unexpectedly and gracefully into the square period; there is every imaginable device in combinations of sonorities in the orchestra, and there is at times genuine feeling happily expressed. The reverse of the medal is in the very perfection of the Massenet style; that is to say, that the personal note of the composer has to this extent got hold of his inventive and creative power that for some time past all that his fancy has produced has been tainted with sameness. Rodrigue and Chimène sang exactly as Sita and Alim; Anahita and Zarâstra cooed in the same manner as Manon and Des Grieux; and we find now in Charlotte and Werther a Salomé and a Jean transposed, musically, from the Biblical legend to eighteenth-century surroundings. This sameness is apparent, of course, not in melody—of which M. Massenet seems to have an inexhaustible supply—but in a certain mannerism in the treatment of similar situations, in too great an insistence on effects which first brought the composer into prominence, and in the greater care for small details than for a comprehensive aspect of the emotions to be dealt with. The inventive power of M. Massenet seems to be always on the alert, and with splendid results at times; but this happens at the expense of the philosophy of conception, which as often as not appears neglected. There is evident care to wed the music to the word, and where the effort does not go beyond tenderness and lyricism, the expression invented is just—very often perfect. But where the feeling reaches its deepest depth, when tears speak of hopeless despair, and when the poor human frame breaks under the weight of sorrow, M. Massenet's muse is dumb. No wealth of detail, no excess of sonority, no amount of experience can give us what we then most want—sincerity; and of this in *Werther* there is none. There is charm; there is tenderness; there is passion, fancy, poesy—*toute la lyre*, in fine—in the score, but all this stops short of sincerity, and therefore is neither convincing nor capable of producing a lasting impression. For instance, laughter and general jollity are illustrated by M. Massenet on several occasions—here the children, there Sophie, there again the Bailli's friends—but the device is always the same—a shake; and, whether it be the shrill and biting tones of the strings used for the embellishment, or the sweet and merry embroideries of the flute, or the grotesque gargling of the horns, we are limited to a shake for all graphic expression of laughing merriment. Or, again, the constant repetition of the phrase, with the interval of a diminished ninth, in Charlotte's Scena, Act iii.—quite apart from the puerility of this effect—leaves us absolutely indifferent, the variety of sonorities notwithstanding. Besides—and this is a much graver reproach—there is also a want of logic in the construction of the score pure and simple. M. Massenet has based his symphonic web on the leading-theme system—that is to say, his characters are musically labelled with phrases intended to be associated with the character itself or with a given state of mind; this kind of work is always arbitrary, and there is no need to say about it more than that we are decided partisans of the method—provided it is carried out according to the true faith. But M. Massenet, after having shown in *Esclarmonde* how suc-

vicinity

cessfully he can handle the method, has returned to the easiest, oldest, and most timid manner of employing it; the theme, instead of being treated symphonically, remains practically ever the same, hardly varying in sonority or in values, becomes a simple *motif rappelé*, instead of a *motif conducteur*, and hence its application is rendered monotonous and often indiscriminate. The strangest device of all seems to us in the use of the first melodic step in "le Sonnet d'Ossian" as the basis of an ensuing dramatic duet between Charlotte and Werther, so that we hear Werther singing on the very same melody, first "piano avec une tristesse inspirée"—

Demain dans le vallon,
Viendra le voyageur.

And then "forte avec ardeur" some twenty bars further, and as an apostrophe—

... nous mentionnons tous deux
En nous disant vainqueurs...

Meyerbeer, whom it is the fashion to snub nowadays, would have never made such a mistake. With all that, the score of *Werther* is interesting, and the work worth hearing; there are in it pages of transcendent merit, amongst which we would place first the "Mondschein," a lovely "tone-picture" for harp, cello muted, and clarinet; then the first duet between Charlotte and Werther; Werther's invocation to nature, and Ossian's sonnet. The performance was admirable. If M. Massenet's *Werther* is Monsieur Vertèrre, the Werther of M. Jean de Reszke is the unfortunate sentimentalist on whose behalf Goethe pleads in his short preface, craving the reader's admiration for his genius, affection for his character, and tears for his fate. M. Jean de Reszke's creation is human and touching to a degree, and we can offer him no higher praise than saying that we identify Werther and the success of the opera with the power of his great talent. Next in order of merit comes Mme. Sigrid Arnoldson, a most delightful Sophie, the very perfection of charm and grace in singing and acting; M. Albers sang extremely well the only solo assigned to him, and did all that was possible to do with a part of few resources. Mme. Eames went through her part carefully, but without distinction. M. Castelmarty made an excellent Bailli, and Mr. Steadman's children behaved, on the whole, pretty well. The *mise-en-scène* was correct, though the effects of light in the first act are capable of improvement. Signor Mancinelli conducted superbly, and Sir Augustus Harris has once more our congratulations and thanks for an interesting production.

CHESS NOTES.

THE match for the championship of chess was decided at Montreal on April 26, when Lasker won the nineteenth game, and remained with a score of ten wins against five—or, if draws were counted, as they must be before we can compare the scores with the number of games played—twelve against seven. The new champion has every reason to plume himself on this result, which is almost identical with the result of Steinitz v. Zukertort, in 1886—ten to five, with five draws. Lasker has beaten the man who had beaten all the world for thirty years or more. He has played in the past five years a hundred and eighty-nine recorded games in matches and tournaments, of which thirty-five were drawn and only seventeen lost. It is enough to say that nobody has ever shown such a record as that. Steinitz, in his matches and tournaments, has played two hundred and fifty-nine, of which he drew seventy-eight and lost eighty-one. He has played against stronger players, especially in tournaments, and has played a more open and hazardous game, content to be superior without reckoning by how much. No close comparison is possible between Lasker and Morphy, the less so because our fixed idea of Morphy recalls him as a youth of most subtle and fortunate imagination, which seemed to picture not only the natural effects of his own moves, but the choices and misapprehensions of his antagonist. His style was above everything picturesque—and we are losing the picturesque in chess, or should be losing it if it were not for the brilliant eccentrics of the amateur clubs.

Steinitz, as we might have expected, has challenged Lasker to another match under similar conditions, to be

played six months hence. He is not yet prepared to accept the wand, "tarda vires minuente senecta"; and we shall all be glad to witness his supreme effort for the vindication of his claims. The match just brought to an end seems to prove Lasker's superiority in physical vigour and equability rather than in knowledge and resource. The game to which we drew attention a fortnight ago, and another which we shall illustrate to-day, show that Steinitz has not lost his old playing qualities. He has won two with the Ruy Lopez (attack and defence), two with the Giuoco Piano (attack and defence), and one attacking with pawn to queen's fourth. He lost a series of five, from the seventh to the eleventh games, two of them with the pawn to queen's third defence against the Ruy Lopez, which he discarded in his first won game at Montreal. It may be that the middle stage of the match found the old champion out of trim. At any rate, he made equal games in the Montreal series of eight. The play, as a whole, though bookish and somewhat stolid, was more open and interesting than that of many recent matches. The Ruy Lopez opening was played six times by Lasker, winning four times, drawing once, and losing once. Steinitz played it once successfully. Pawn to queen's fourth was played by Lasker thrice successfully, and by Steinitz five times—once successfully, twice for a draw, and twice unsuccessfully. The Giuoco Piano was played twice by Steinitz, who scored one game and drew the other; and it was played once by Lasker, who lost. In the eighth game Lasker adopted the French defence, and won.

The last game scored by Steinitz was the seventeenth. Lasker had the first move, and played a Giuoco Piano. The opening is a quiet one, and can be met with a very quiet defence, so that for a time it has been somewhat out of favour with players who crave for excitement early in the fight. Even the scientific moderns have preferred the Ruy Lopez; but it would not be surprising if the Giuoco Piano were once more to hold as conspicuous a lead amongst the openings as it did thirty years ago. Its general character and lines of development could not be better illustrated than they are in the seventeenth game. It is well worth playing through, this formal minuet with its characteristic variations, paced by two masters who reveal both strength and grace at nearly every step. These are the moves, up to the position shown in the diagram:—

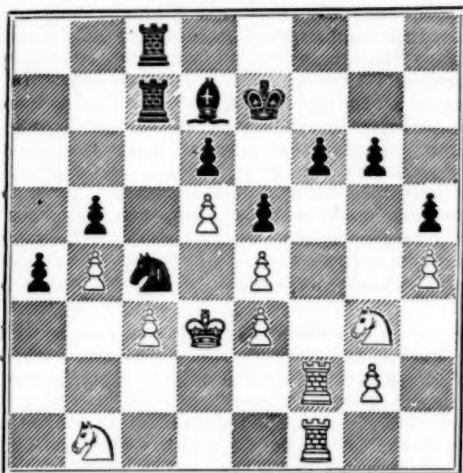
LASKER. White.	STEINITZ. Black.	LASKER. White.	STEINITZ. Black.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	25 R-R sq	P x P
2 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	26 Q x P	R-Q B sq
3 B-B 4	B-B 4	27 Q-Q 2	Q-B 5
4 P-Q 3	Kt-B 3	28 R-B 2	Kt-K 4
5 Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	29 Q-Q 3	Q R-B 2
6 B-K 3	B-K 3	30 P R 4	Kt-B 2
7 Q-Q 2	B-Q K 4	31 Q x Q	R x Q
8 B-Kt 5 (ch)	P-B 3	32 R-Q 2	P-Kt 3
9 B-Q R 4	B x B	33 K-B 2	Kt-Q sq
10 P x B	P-Q Kt 4	34 P-Q Kt 3	R (B 5)-B 2
11 B-Kt 3	Q-Kt 3	35 R (Q 2)-Q sq	Kt-Kt 2
12 Castles (K)	Kt-Kt 5	36 K R-Kt sq	K-B 2
13 Q R-K sq	P-K B 3	37 K-K 2	R-Q R sq
14 P-K R 3	Kt-R 3	38 K-Q 2	Kt-R 4
15 Kt-K 2	Kt x B	39 K-Q 3	P-K R 4
16 R P x Kt	Castles	40 R-Q K 2	R (R 1)-R 2
17 Kt-Kt 3	P-Q R 4	41 P-Kt 4	Kt-B 5
18 P-Q 4	Kt-B 2	42 Kt-B 3	R (B 2)-R sq
19 Q-B 2	R-R 2	43 Kt-Q 2	Kt-Kt 3
20 R-Q sq	P-Q R 5	44 R-K B sq	R (R 1)-QB sq
21 P-Kt 4	Q-B 2	45 Kt-Kt sq	K-K 2
22 Kt-K sq	P-Q B 4	46 P-B 3	Kt-B 5
23 Q-Q 2	B-K 3		
24 P-Q 5	B-Q 2	47 R-K B 2	

Steinitz clearly played under a sense of great responsibility. By changing off both his opponent's bishops, which the defender can often do in this opening, he gave himself every chance of a draw at least, in case there should be no opportunity of winning. The pawns became all-important, and after forty moves—all far-sighted, some dilatory, a few exceptionally subtle—it is doubtful if either side had gained a distinct advantage. Lasker's forty-first move, pawn to knight's fourth, gave Steinitz an excellent position for his knight, from which he immediately began to engineer success. Driven away once by White's knight, he returned at the first chance, until the position of the diagram occurs, where Lasker has made a futile attempt with his rook to draw off the pressure from the queen's side. He cannot have foreseen Black's forty-seventh move, which is crushing and fatal. Can the reader see it, thus warned of its approach, without pursuing the text any further? Steinitz played knight to rook's sixth. Lasker could not take it, for then rook takes pawn, checks, and demolishes. So he

brought up the other knight to king's second, covering the menaced pawn. Steinitz took the knight, and was in turn

BLACK TO WIN.

BLACK—12 Pieces.



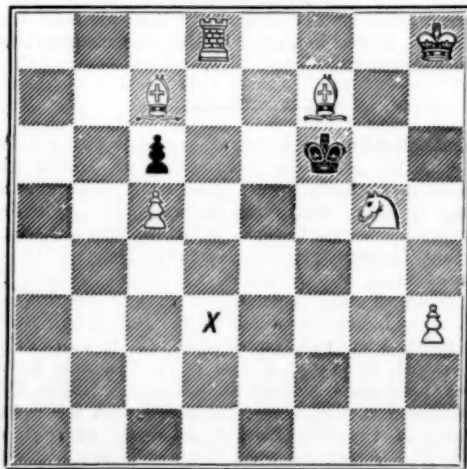
WHITE—12 Pieces.

After White's 47th move:—R—B 2.

taken by rook, and then played bishop to knight's fifth—a move long held in reserve. White played rook to queen's bishop's square, thus again defending his bishop's pawn. Where now is Black to increase the pressure? The chess reader who is still learning will pause a second time to answer this question for himself. The passed pawn might be good enough to win with eventually, but Steinitz saw a more expeditious way. He advanced his rook to bishop's fifth, threatening, for one thing, the exchange of two pieces and the capture of knight's pawn. To prevent this, Lasker moved rook to bishop's second; but did he see the greater menace on the other side? There was no time to finish the game at the first sitting, and Steinitz, according to the rules of the game, sealed his fifty-first move before the adjournment. It was pawn to king's bishop's fourth; and next day Lasker resigned as soon as he saw it. He had doubtless analysed the position in the meantime, and had seen that this move gave Black two pawns at least, and an irresistible superiority of strength.

The mate in three proposed on May 26, composed by J.

BLACK—2 Pieces.



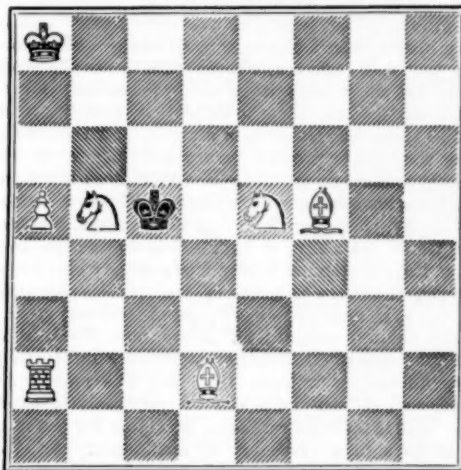
WHITE—7 Pieces.

Fetow, has given some trouble to solvers, as we expected it would. The first move is rook to queen's third, which leaves Black three alternatives. (1) If he takes the knight, rook plays to bishop's third, forcing Black to his rook's third or fifth, when queen's bishop mates, checking in either case so as to prevent the return of the king to the square whence he came. (2) If Black king moves to his bishop's fourth, the ignored knight insists on being sacrificed by moving to king's fourth. Black must take, and White king's bishop mates on knight's sixth.

(3) If Black king moves to his second square, queen's bishop plays to king's fifth, forcing Black to his bishop's square, when queen's bishop mates on queen's sixth. This is one of the finest of three-movers, and possesses almost every good quality of a chess problem. Observe that the second move of White in each variation prevents the return of the king to his original square, whilst the third move in each variation is that of a bishop closing two squares of a diagonal. This identity of "theme" is charming when it occurs so naturally. (Solutions by C. T. S., Ina, A. C. W., Westdel, W. B. L.—Ap. 28—and others. P. Q. does not see the use of the pawns on the bishop's file. The Black pawn prevents rook to queen's fifth, which would give a second and inferior solution; and the White pawn is necessary to limit Black's moves to those of his king.)

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—1 Piece.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

Our problem for the coming fortnight will be another mate in three, by Mr. J. Mineckwitz.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE glut of money which has been so remarkable since the beginning of the year is growing more and more pronounced every week. At the present time the Bank of England holds nearly 38,000,000*l.* in gold; the Imperial Bank of Germany holds nearly as much, almost 37,000,000*l.*; and the Bank of France holds rather more than 71,000,000*l.* In other words, these three great institutions between them hold 145,000,000*l.* or 146,000,000*l.* sterling in gold—nearly three-fourths of the indemnity paid by France to Germany after the great war—an indemnity that less than a quarter of a century ago was supposed to be so enormous that it would permanently crush France. Yet at the present time these three banks alone hold almost as much actual gold, without counting the silver held by the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany, which, if included, would bring the hoard almost to the amount of the war indemnity. The Russian Government, the Austro-Hungarian Bank, and the State banks of the smaller European States between them hold rather more than is held by the three great institutions already referred to; so that, roughly, the State banks of Europe at the present time hold over 300,000,000*l.* sterling in gold. The amount is so colossal that the imagination fails to realize what it means. It is rather more than half the National Debt of the United Kingdom; it is considerably more than twice the interest-bearing Debt of the United States; and it is about a quarter the debt of France—the greatest debt that has ever been accumulated by any single nation. Or, again, it is rather more than three times the amount which the Chancellor of the Exchequer expects to get in in the course of the current financial year. And what is at first sight the most remarkable thing connected with this unprecedented accumulation of gold is that the whole of Europe is suffering from depression of trade and want of confidence. Farmers everywhere are declaring that they are being ruined, every great industry at home or abroad is suffering more or less, and prices are lower than they have ever

been in the modern world. That there should be such an unheard-of accumulation of actual cash at the very period when every nation in Europe is complaining of bad times at first sight seems like a paradox. In reality the accumulation of gold is but a proof of the want of confidence that exists everywhere. If people dared trust one another—dared to engage in new enterprises, and to extend their business wherever they saw an opening, it would be impossible that gold could be accumulated in this way in the great banks all over Europe. Then every man with credit would want accommodation from his bankers, money would be employed, and, instead of lying idle, it would be scattered all over the world. The rich old countries would send it to the undeveloped new countries, either for the purpose of founding new enterprises or extending those already established, or for the purpose of buying something that had to be paid for in actual cash. In that way the vast hoards that are now gathered together would gradually be scattered over the world, and there would probably be complaints that all the great banks were holding too small reserves; whereas now the banks are complaining that their unemployed money is becoming a burden, that they do not know how to employ it, that they cannot lend it at rates that leave them a profit, and that, if things go on as they are at present very much longer, it will be impossible to keep up the rate of dividend to which their shareholders have become accustomed. The vast accumulation of money, then, paradoxical as it may seem, is not a sign of good times, but a sign of bad. It is a proof that nobody will give the old amount of credit to anybody else, and that everybody, therefore, is more or less paralysed. After a while the evil must cure itself; people will not go on permanently holding capital idle. They must live and enjoy themselves; and to do that they must get a return for their money, and sooner or later, therefore, the money will be invested, and so will be scattered productively over the world. But it must be confessed that just for the moment there is no sign of recovery of confidence. And as for pure business considerations, the state of North and South America, of India and Australasia, is so bad that it is hardly likely there can be any immediate recovery. A rise in prices would soon set things right, but then there can hardly be a rise in prices until there has been some recovery in confidence.

Gold continues to pour in from abroad. During the week ended Wednesday night not far short of three-quarters of a million was received, and everything points to large imports for a considerable time yet; especially it is reported from India that large amounts may be expected. The price of gold in rupees in India is now nearly twice what it was twenty years ago, and the natives, who have hoarded immense sums, are tempted by the high price to sell. Merchants find it more profitable to send gold than commodities to this country, and it is said, therefore, that over half a million sterling will be shipped from Bombay alone in the course of the current month, and that for many months to come the shipments will be larger still. Of course, it is possible that this is too high an estimate; but if it is realized, then the effects both upon India itself and upon trade in Europe will be very great. Meanwhile the abundance and cheapness of money in London have failed as yet to stimulate business. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Tuesday morning, members were able to borrow all they required at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The discount rate in the open market is barely $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and money is being lent from day to day at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The India Council on Wednesday offered for tender 45 lakhs of rupees, in bills and telegraphic transfers. Nearly twice as much was applied for, and the whole amount was allotted at about 1s. 1d. per rupee. Subsequently nearly seven lakhs were sold by special tender at a slightly higher price. For the moment the large exports of gold from India are increasing the demand for Council drafts for remittances, but this week a good demand for silver for India has sprung up. The exports of gold from India, like any other exports, tend to increase the demand for Council drafts; but, on the other hand, the imports of silver tend to decrease them. It is difficult, therefore, to form any opinion at the moment as to whether the Council will be able to sell largely or not. We have now entered upon the slack season, which will last for about five months, and when, therefore, the ordinary exports will be small. Consequently, unless the gold exports are very large, the Council will find it difficult to sell its drafts.

There is a very depressed feeling in trade circles generally. Difficulties are reported from nearly all the great manufacturing centres—Manchester, Bradford, Glasgow, Dundee, and Belfast. But the difficulties are entirely connected with the foreign trade. The demand for our goods, especially from the United States, South America, India, and Australia, is so exceptionally small that prices have fallen ruinously, and manufacturing and exporting merchants have consequently lost heavily. In the home trade, on the other hand, there is a marked increase. Never, perhaps, in the history of the country was the amount of business done so large. Upon this point the railway traffic returns leave no doubt. Ever since New Year's Day they have shown remarkable increases in receipts from goods week by week, and last week the increases were larger than ever. There is a falling off in the passenger receipts, the whole improvement coming from the extraordinarily large quantity of goods and minerals carried.

Business on the Stock Exchange continues exceedingly slack. Consols and other high-class securities have somewhat declined in price, which is not surprising, as they had risen to extremely high quotations. On the other hand, there is a fairly good demand for second-class investments. The public evidently is unwilling to buy the best stocks at the very high prices, and is turning to those which promise a better return. But speculation is quite at a standstill, which is certainly not to be regretted. There is a slightly better feeling in the American department. It is now hoped that the Tariff Bill will be passed before long, and there are indications of some improvement in several localities. It is to be hoped, however, that the public will not be led away by too optimistic views, for the condition of the United States is far from satisfactory, and it is not likely that the mere passage of the Tariff Bill will put an end to the distrust that exists. Besides, it is by no means certain that the Tariff Bill will be carried. Nobody knows what will be its reception in the House of Representatives, which has much more Free-trade notions than the Senate. In South America, and especially in Argentina, there is also a slight improvement in the position, though little more than a decline in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres has to be recorded. Gold movements, however, are due almost entirely to the manipulation of a few bold operators. The depression in Australia is as great as ever. And there is no alteration in India. Colonial securities are not so firm as they have recently been. Upon the Continental Bourses business is as inactive as here at home, political incidents adding to the general depression; while the crisis in Italy is deepening, and fears are growing that there must before long be a breakdown in Spain. In the long run, it is certain that the great accumulation of cheap money all over Europe must lead to revival in trade; but for the moment there is too much distrust to allow of this.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 101, a fall compared with the same day last week of $\frac{1}{4}$. Indian Three closed at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$, also $\frac{1}{4}$ lower. Generally speaking, Home Railway Ordinary stocks are likewise down. Caledonian Undivided closed at 125 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1 compared with the preceding Thursday; Great Northern Deferred Ordinary closed at 114 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of 1; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 106 $\frac{1}{2}$, a decline of 1; and South-Western closed at 192, likewise a fall of 1. But North Staffordshire finished at 132, an advance of 1, and Brighton "A" closed at 157 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market there has been very little change. Illinois Central shares closed at 93 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; while Lake Shore closed at 134 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of a point. Argentine securities are higher. Thus, the Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 64 $\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and the Funding Loan closed at 66, an advance of a similar amount. The rise in Bulgarian bonds which has been so remarkable a feature during the last eight or ten weeks continues. They closed on Thursday at 102 $\frac{1}{2}$, an appreciation compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$. In inter-Bourse securities the changes are very slight. Spanish closed on Thursday at 64 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$.

PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE can be no question that the English school retains, to a certain degree, its supremacy in portraiture. But it seems to be in danger of becoming languid. The show at the Royal Academy this year is rich in portraits; but few of these are of such startling merit as to add to the definite impression which the year will leave behind it. The loss of Mr. Holl, though no longer recent, is still felt, and the withdrawal this year of Sir John Millais and of Mr. W. B. Richmond has further impoverished the exhibition. There remains, none the less, much to attract and interest the visitor.

In the Large Room, the place of honour on the south wall is given to Mr. Fildes's "H.R.H. the Princess of Wales" (239), seated upright, in a black dress, among profuse crimson cushions. This is a fine work, both as a portrait and as a painting. It is a worthy presentment of one who will take a prominent place in the history of our age, and it is a vigorous, broadly treated piece of adroit brushwork. It is considerably more successful than Mr. Fildes's other contributions, the face of "Mrs. Robert Yerburgh" (78) being too waxy, and the whole impression of "Mrs. Pantia Ralli" (294), in her brilliant yellow dress, too hard. Mr. Oules, always a careful and conscientious painter, is becoming a little timid. His portraits are solid, but they are not effective. His "Sir John Gladstone" (505), which has something of his early brilliancy, is the best of Mr. Oules's portraits this year. He has come to love painting a kind of grey or buff shooting-jacket, into which he manages to squeeze most of his male sitters; as he has no sense of colour, these grey-coated gentlemen come out of the ordeal as unexhilarating as it is possible to be.

That Mr. Herkomer is unequal has come to be a truism. He is seen this year at his best (or second best) in "Mr. F. W. Harris" (499), which is a good average Herkomer. He is at his worst in the pretentious and slovenly "Marquess of Salisbury" (223), in gold-embroidered robes. Here Mr. Herkomer had a subject thoroughly worthy of a painter's hand; but he has simply "scamped" the work. The opaque brownish-red background which Mr. Herkomer now gives most of his portraits is very annoying; in his "Marquess of Ripon" (110) it seems to project in front of the sitter. Few men can paint better than Mr. Herkomer, if he takes pains; but he seems to disdain laborious days.

We have seen more interesting portraits than Mr. Sargent's "Miss Chanler" (61); but even he has rarely been more true or vivid. The sitter looks up with a girlish face, full of pathos and candour, out of vague black draperies; she seems about to rise and go, being merely arrested a moment by wonder. Another painter whose work has certain affinities with that of Mr. Sargent, such as extreme fidelity to nature and a studied freshness, is Mr. C. W. Furse. His half-length of "Mr. Robert Bridges" (216) is well placed in the Large Room; it represents the poet seated among his books, a volume open on his knee, the head turned aside in reverie. Here all the costume is grey, except the green necktie, yet how different a grey from that which Mr. Oules affects! In the same room we find Mr. Alma Tadema's "Mrs. Theyre-Smith" (260), the half-length of an aged lady, a portrait finished like the surface of porcelain, without force in brush-work, but redeemed by extreme delicacy and refinement, and by a soft harmony of pale tones.

There are few of the younger outsiders who are making themselves so much at home in the Royal Academy as Mr. Arthur S. Cope. His solid and agreeable head of "General Lord Roberts" (3) is the first picture that confronts us as we enter, and his presentation full-length of "Mr. Mundella" (339) is unquestionably one of the portraits of the year. Mr. Cope is academic, and a good craftsman without pretence to inspiration. Mr. Wells, who is now as Mr. Cope may hope to be, paints "Miss Stirling" (54) competently in silvery silks. Not very many of the young painters are very skilful in giving an elegant transcript of a pretty woman. Mr. Shannon, of whom some wag said that he was born to paint brides as their bridegrooms see them, is unaccountably in the background this year. He exhibits "The Countess of Radnor" (500), but his most characteristic work is "Mrs. Claud Magniac" (129), in bridal white, with an old blue tapestry behind. A clever sketch is "Mrs. E. Shartell" (98), a whole figure in pink and cream, the face repeated in a mirror, by Mr. W. Christian Symons.

Mr. Orchardson paints "Professor Dewar" (176) eagerly looking up from retorts and bottles, in which red and blue liquors relieve the yellow tones this painter loves. This is a work of great importance. Somewhat less successful is the same artist's "Portrait of a Lady" (234), rather stiffly outlined in a straight white dress. A dignified full-length of an elderly lady is the "Mrs. Hollins" (195) of Mr. Wirgman. Much of the old refinement, though something of the old thinness of painting, too, clings about the "Miss Marian Chance" (198) of the veteran Mr. Sant. Mr. Watts is represented by two heads, one of which at least, "The late Sir Andrew Clark" (251), a face full of vitality, is a worthy example of his genius. Few English portrait-painters can hope to rival their eminent Scottish contemporary, Sir George Reid, in the atmosphere in which he contrives to clothe his solidly painted figures. The Academy this year boasts but one example, a superb "Professor Blackie" (343) in a bandit's cloak and hat. Two masculine portraits will well sustain the reputation of Mr. John Collier, the "Professor Burdon-Sanderson" (462), impressive in every way, and the "Master of Jesus" (877), in the splendour of crimson robes. Each of these figures is full of intellectual force, and is painted with an obvious sympathy.

The mannerism of Mr. John R. Reid, so rugged and violent in its intentional imperfection, comes out in his portraits as much as in his subject-pictures; his "Surgeon-Major Campbell" (81) is powerfully modelled, but the gallant gentleman has no skin. Mr. Hacker, on the other hand, is too clean and polished, and his flesh is too much like vellum; "Maude" (396) is a clever study; and the Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A. (440), a good likeness, but neither picture has any depth of work in it. Mr. Solomon has chosen for this year two popular subjects, of very opposite classes, and has treated each in a striking way. His "Mrs. Patrick Campbell as 'Paula Tanqueray'" (402) is a large effective work, cleverly illuminated, and represents the actress staring tragically out upon us. In "Mr. Zangwill" (523) Mr. Solomon has found an interesting head, which he has painted with almost grotesque insistence. Some of the garish portraits of ladies in amber and rose-colour, and of scarlet-coated masters of foxhounds, make us draw sympathetically to those painters who prefer the subfusc hues, and go no higher in the scale of colour than dove-grey and coffee-brown. Among these Mr. Robert Owtram claims a high position. His unnamed profile of a man (122) and his dark hirsute head of "A Vagabond" (635) are sombre and powerful. Mr. Lavery's defiant "Lady in Brown" (393), with arms a-kimbo, is excellent, and so is Mr. Greiffenhagen's dim and phantasmal, but yet fine, "Portrait of a Lady" (448).

We must close with a brief mention of a few miscellaneous portraits of various quality, all of which deserve praise. Mr. Mouat Loudan's "A Lady" (34) is one of the attractions of the First Gallery. Mr. Gotch comes down from his mediæval splendours to a plain and workmanlike "Colonel Kennard" (133) in the Second Room. Mr. Glazebrook's "Miss Bella Duffy" (147); Mr. Waterhouse's "Mrs. Charles Newton-Robinson" (436), in white, against a yellowish-green ground; and Mr. A. Stuart-Wortley's stately profile of "The Hon. Mrs. Bingham" (897) are three female portraits of charm and distinction. Mr. Stanhope Forbes contends with a very difficult subject in "Mr. John Storn" (468). Finally, a word of praise is claimed by Mr. John H. F. Bacon's modest and yet vivacious full-length of himself (356) bending forward out of the canvas.

REVIEWS.

THE JUNGLE BOOK.

The Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

AS the wild animals of the world become rarer and fewer, the sentiment of interest in them felt by civilized people grows keener. No book is more certain of a sympathetic welcome from the public than one which tells good and fresh stories about beasts and birds. The new volume of Mr. Kipling's which lies before us does not precisely supply us with animal anecdotes, but it does something better—it helps us to enter, by the power of the imagination, into the very nature of the creatures. It is a modern variant on the old-fashioned modes in which animals and

birds were made to speak to one another in the hearing of man, and so to divulge the secrets of the woodland. In this latest evidence of the versatility of his talent, Mr. Kipling shows us once more how close an observer he is, how little escapes his attention when once he rivets it upon an object, and with what brilliant intuition he creates a plausible and coherent impression. Mr. Kipling, if he had happened to be born a geologist, would have electrified science, for no bone would have been too small for him to base the image of a dragon or a mammoth upon.

Of the various creatures which animate these delightful pages, we like none better than Rikki-Tikki-Tavi, the mongoose. The story of the great war which he fought single-handed through the bath-rooms of the big bungalow in Segowlee cantonment is unsurpassed among epic narratives of its kind. We shall not tell the story, which everybody must read; but we would point out to those who do read it with how delicate an art the sweetness of the mongoose temperament towards all but its native enemies is worked out by Mr. Kipling. Fierce to extinguish Nag, the cobra, and his wicked wife Nagaina, Rikki-Tikki-Tavi is gentleness itself to his human friends, and full of chivalrous comradeship for Darzee, the light-headed tailor-bird, and that dejected object, Chuchundra, the musk-rat. We have ourselves enjoyed the intimacy of a mongoose, and have never forgotten the bold cordiality with which, at first acquaintance, it leaped upon our shoulder, and thrust its chocolate-coloured nose between our collar and our chin. But we did not know, until Mr. Kipling kindly explained, what was the cause of this sudden and almost alarming affability. Its mother, we now learn, had carefully told it how to behave if it ever came across white men. Most true, also, is the biographer's remark that a mongoose is a restless companion on a bed, "because it has to get up and attend to every noise all through the night, and find out what made it." If "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" does not have the effect of making people understand that a mongoose is one of the most lovable and useful of all domestic pets, Mr. Kipling has written in vain.

In "Servants of the Queen," which is more boldly fabulous than the rest, a camel breaks through a man's tent in the night, and so he has to take refuge under a waterproof thrown over the muzzle of a gun on the open camp. In this way he overhears the confidences of a mule, a gun-bullock, a troop-horse, and an elephant, each of whom expresses its own character in a delightful way. The horse, with its noble affection for and confidence in its master, a certain Dick Cunliffe, is perfectly engaging; the others have their little faults, and the camel has nothing else. We do not need to be reminded of Mr. Kipling's inveterate prejudice against the *cont*, for whom he invents, in the present volume, this delightful parade-song:—

We haven't a camelty tune of our own
To help us trollop along,
But every neck is a hair-trombone
(*Rtt-ta-ta-ta!* is a hair-trombone!)
And this our marching-song:—
Can't! Don't! Shan't! Won't!
Pass it along the line!
Somebody's pack has slipped from his back,
'Wish it were only mine.
Somebody's load has tipped off in the road—
Cheer for a halt and a row!
Urrr! Yarrh! Grr! Arrh!
Somebody's catching it now!

It would be wrong, indeed, to notice this volume without some allusion to its verse, as not fewer than twenty poems and poetical fragments occur in its pages, some very slight, and others—as in particular the beautiful lullaby of "Shiv and the Grasshopper"—full of Mr. Kipling's rare magic of plaintive colloquialism. But it is the stories, of course, which constitute the real attraction of *The Jungle Book*, whether their scene is laid in India with Mowgli the wolf-boy and Toomai of the elephants, or on the wild strand of Lukannon with Kotick, the white seal. Mr. Kipling is to be congratulated on a very genuine success in a field where, even for a man of great powers, failure might reasonably have been anticipated.

NOVELS.

Saint Ann's. By W. E. Norris. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1894.

The Rubicon. By E. F. Benson. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

Enid Lyle. By Eassie Hatton. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

An American Peccare. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

Thorough. By Mary A. M. Marks. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1894.

LIFE must be considered as still worth living so long as Mr. Norris is preserved to supply the liveries with his well-bred, easy stories. We are not tempted to exaggerate the importance

of them as intellectual productions; but it is even because of their unaffected simplicity, perhaps, and their lack of ambition that they are so refreshing. *Saint Ann's* is a very good example of the class with which we are now so familiar. Although a Brazilian adventures and an attempted murder in a gorge of the Pyrenees are introduced, the novel is none the less a picture of easy English life of to-day among people of good position by one who knows perfectly well what he is talking about, and who is just so far disdainful of his puppets, and no more, as to enable him to record their evolutions with good temper and serenity. The scene of *Saint Ann's* is a picturesque fishing village in South Devon, and the action is divided—a little narrowly, perhaps, for a perfectly realistic effect—between four houses in the outskirts of that village.

Without betraying the simple secrets of Mr. Norris's intrigue we may say that the persons of his new novel are eight; there are the caustic and weary widower who owns St. Ann's, and his only surviving child, the untrained and emotional Arthur Foley; there are the priggish Radical peer, Lord Brainton, and his mother; there are Colonel Meynell, the Evangelical retired Indian officer, and his half-sister Rhoda; and there are the celebrated and absolutely unscrupulous traveller, Robert Hamersley, and his daughter Lola, the above-said Brazilian adventures. With the evolution of character in these eight strongly defined types Mr. Norris has busied himself, with his customary success. The two young ladies—the one reserved and obedient almost to a fault, the other a beautiful moral volcano—are strongly contrasted; but the novelist's boldest efforts have been concentrated in the portraiture of Colonel Meynell. This is a figure more unusual and more complex than it is usual for Mr. Norris to attempt, and the ambitious effort has not been quite successful. Colonel Meynell is a fashionable officer of the Guards, who has "taken religion" in his late middle life, and who transfixes over and dazzles the little community in which he lives. We acknowledge Mr. Norris's intention to draw the man who is a fanatic and a man of the world at the same time, who combines the sportsman with the Methodist preacher, and who desires his sister to give herself all to God and yet make a smart matrimonial alliance. But the outlines are hardly filled in to our satisfaction. Such a portrait as that of Colonel Meynell requires a larger canvas than the two short volumes of *Saint Ann's* supply, even if it does not ask for a stronger hand and a deeper touch than this accomplished novelist possesses. For the rest, *Saint Ann's* is well worthy of its line of agreeable predecessors. It is gracefully written, its conversations are admirable for their natural and easy tone, and the picture it gives of the superficialities of the country society of to-day is worthy of the highest commendation. The scene in which Arthur Foley carries the soaked and screaming child up the village street under the battery of female sarcasm is exceedingly funny, and described with uncommon vivacity.

The author of *Dodo* has made a tactless mistake in hurrying forward so soon with a second novel. The faults of that book were glaring, but, considered as the work of a very young man, no one could question its cleverness or its promise. If Mr. Benson had possessed any common sense, or had been judiciously advised, he would have waited until time had "drugged the memory of that insolence," and would in the meantime have made all those observations of life and men in which so juvenile a satirist must obviously be lacking. He has not been so wise; intoxicated with his success, he has rushed into another novel, and *The Rubicon* is a mistake which will take both time and labour to redeem. It is not so ill constructed and ill written as some of our contemporaries were in so strange a hurry to announce. It would pass very well, if it bore no signature on its title-page, among other ephemeral novels of the moment; but it is quite without distinction, and to say this is to announce grievous failure on the part of an ambitious young man like Mr. Benson.

It is very strange that the author of *The Rubicon* should not have perceived that, whatever the heroine of this new book was to be like, she should at least not resemble *Dodo*. Yet if Lady Hayes differs in anything from that heartless and detestable ornament of fashion, it is in the absence of those external vivacities and points of character which made *Dodo* occasionally entertaining. Eva Lady Hayes is *Dodo* with all the picturesqueness left out. She is a petulant, ill-mannered, beautiful girl, who marries for money a dreary middle-aged peer, and who thereupon makes his life a misery to him. It would be to do Mr. Benson an injustice to represent him as in love with this type which fascinates him so much. He loathes it, and it moves him to a revulsion of satire. He takes this woman without moral vitality, this wife who knows not love, this great lady who knows not responsi-

bility, this human being without interests or enthusiasms or duties, and he shakes her in his teeth as a terrier shakes a rat. Or, perhaps, the better illustration would be as a terrier-pup, for we are conscious of the lack of strength and of the absence of teeth.

At the same time, it would be unjust to deny that *The Rubicon* may be read with ease. It is light, not unskillfully constructed, full of plausible conversation. It is only as a second contribution to fiction by one whose first book, from whatever reason, awakened a great curiosity, that it is disappointing. Mr. Benson still shows a remarkable power of reproducing natural and easy talk, and some brightness of descriptive epigram. But if he is anxious to compete with the best novel-writers of the day on their own ground, and to conquer a place amongst them, the very first thing he has to do is to bury *The Rubicon* deeper than ever plummet sounded. It may be forgotten in the light of future successes; and that is the most hopeful thing we can say about it.

It is not difficult to divine that the interesting novel of *Enid Lyle* is by a new hand, for there are signs of immaturity about its style and conduct. Miss Bessie Hatton, however, displays qualities of lucid narrative which will, we doubt not, ripen with use. In *Enid Lyle* she tells the story of a convent friendship, and of its results upon the fortunes of various persons, the threads of whose adventures are skilfully drawn together at the end. The scenes in the Convent of Sainte-Marie, the rugged château in the heart of the Ardennes, are more vividly and simply realized than those of theatrical life in London or Stratford. It is to be doubted whether stage experience, although generally so fascinating to a young writer, forms a very wholesome field for the beginner in fiction, who is apt to lend to the outdoor portion of his story something of the glare of the footlights. It is on the side of what is perfectly natural and truthful that Miss Bessie Hatton requires, if she will permit us to give it to her, a little friendly counsel. Her virtuous persons are a little too mild and sentimental, her wicked people are painted (and paint themselves) very black indeed. We are sure that a little more experience will make it obvious to Miss Hatton that no schoolboy in the wide world would say to a young man of his acquaintance, "Enid and the fair girl will be here directly; and, Hal, she is so tall, and her eyes, oh! they are the colour of the sea!" If the author of *Enid Lyle* will be a little less Swinburnian, and will study a little more the accents of real conversation, we shall expect from her pen more than one agreeable study of social life.

It is an ugly picture, but one not drawn without ability, which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor presents to us in *An American Peeress*. Hugh Vincent, the outlying member of an aristocratic English family, driven to find work in America, becomes attached to a very refined and sweet American girl, to whom he is on the eve of being married when he learns that, by a series of accidents, he has come into the family title. So it is as Countess of Warrington that simple Laura Morse comes with her young husband to England. She settles down on the ancestral estate in a central county, and has to face all the monotony of an existence for which she is unfitted. Her husband, too, insensibly loses the healthier instincts which poverty and hard work had implanted in him, and reverts rapidly to the hereditary type. The excitement of looking over the horses, and feeling they are his own, of getting acquainted with the foxhounds, of discussing the property with his land-steward and his stud-groom, of preparing to hunt five days in the week, are very well described; and well, too, the gradual division of interests which exclusive attention to these innocent pursuits introduces between the American wife and her English husband. The country pleasures are carefully and well described, and the inevitable degeneration of the young Earl into a mere sportsman, without intellectual interests or moral responsibilities, is cleverly contrived. No doubt there are some English country houses where this happens; but to describe it as the rule is unfair.

In *Thorough* Mrs. Marks has written an historical romance over which she has spared no pains. Although it is a little lengthy, and although the gobbets of pure information lie rather thick in the broth of fiction, this is a book from which a general idea of the movement of Irish social life under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell may pleasantly and tolerably accurately be obtained. The writer has studied the lighter chronicles and pamphlets of the middle of the seventeenth century to good effect, and her Richard and her Anastacia move to an agreeable measure among all these feats of blood and strategy.

THREE BOOKS ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT LAW.

The Duties of County Councils under the Local Government Act 1894. By F. Rowley Parker. London: Knight & Co. 1894.

The Law relating to Parish Councils. By A. F. Jenkin, Barrister-at-law. London: Knight & Co. 1894.

The Law relating to Parish Councils. By J. Humphreys, B.A., [Barrister-at-law. London: Stevens & Sons, Lim. 1894.]

THE Local Government Act 1894 is upon us. Its first effects are being manifested in a flight of new law-books, the harbingers of that litigation which will, no doubt, follow in due course.

Mr. Parker is happy in his choice of subject. We all know that Parliament has uttered its invocation and has summoned up the District and the Parish Council and the Parish Meeting. But how are these entities to be "actualized," if we may borrow a piece of Spiritualist slang? Who is to take the steps necessary to bring them into material existence, and what are the necessary steps? Part I. of Mr. Parker's little manual is devoted to answering these questions. In his preface he says that he does not "pretend that this is an exhaustive work," and the book is certainly unpretentious; it is nevertheless a very good workaday guide for the County Council clerk and the unprofessional business man who will have to undertake the launching of this immense scheme. We are introduced to a new Democratic hierarchy which begins with the humble Parish Meeting, and, rising by easy stages through the Parish Council, the District Council, and the County Council, culminates in the Local Government Board, the supreme sovereign Pontiff, we presume, "responsible to Parliament alone," on the analogy of "vox populi, vox dei." The Local Government Acts of 1894 and 1888 are referred to throughout the work as the L.G.A. and the L.G.A. 1888 respectively; and by sec. 83 of the former Act, "It shall be the duty of every County Council to exercise all such of the powers as may be requisite for bringing the Act [i.e. the L.G.A.] into full operation." The Act was passed on March 5, 1894, and throws upon the County Councils, the old local authority, the whole onus of bringing into being the new local authority; and that within time limits which may—in fact must—severely tax the County Councils and their officers. The author has tried to put into a clear and connective form these new duties. He has not attempted to forestall difficult questions which must go to lawyers for solution if, and when, they arise, but has contented himself with saying, "The County Council must do so-and-so," or "may do so-and-so," or "should do so-and-so." Definitions and references are incorporated in the text, and the L.G.A. and the relevant portions of the L.G.A. (1888) are relegated to an appendix. As we have already said, the book is an unpretentious practical manual, and we do not think that it is, or claims to be, an ultimate authority upon difficult questions of construction. The L.G.A. puts within the jurisdiction of the County Council the management of various details connected with the working of the new local authority after it has been launched, and provides that the County Council shall wield the power necessary to keep the new bodies up to date in the matter of boundaries, and so on. All this comes within the author's scheme, and is adequately treated in Part II.

Mr. Jenkin and Mr. Humphreys have written books which are very similar in aim and in execution. In both there is a sketch of the L.G.A. 1894 given by way of introduction; in both the body of the work consists of an annotated edition of the Act itself; in both certain ancillary Acts and Local Government Board circulars are added in appendices. Mr. Jenkin says that his notes are intended for laymen and lawyers, in so far as the Act is concerned with establishing a new system of parish government; but that the notes having reference to the reform of certain existing local authorities are meant for lawyers only. Mr. Humphreys says that the object of his book is to explain, in as popular and at the same as full and accurate a form as possible, the provisions of the Act. Our general impression of Mr. Jenkin's book is that it is a useful and accurate work in which are stated clearly all such things as are clearly stated in the Act itself; but that there is rather a tendency to shirk an elucidation of the obscurities. Sometimes we do not receive a hint of any difficulty; thus, the note to Section 43 does not even allude to the provision that "husband and wife shall not both be qualified in respect of the same property." We are very anxious to know the exact meaning and effect of this clause, and we dare say that others are in the like case. Suppose that, but for the provision just quoted, husband and wife would both have been qualified in respect of the same property (and, unless we admit the possibility of such an event, we shall be accusing the Legislature of talking nonsense), are we to think that there is to be a sort of go-as-you-please race between the spouses for the great registration stakes? If not, is the matter to be in the

discretion of the authorities dealing with registration? In other cases, again, the difficulties are stated, but no solution is given. Thus at pp. 146-7, Mr. Jenkin very fairly raises the difficulties arising from the anomalous quasi-incorporate status afforded to Parish meetings; we fully admit that in this case no text-book writer could be expected to anticipate the opinions which will hereafter be delivered by Her Majesty's judges. Sometimes, however, even when the difficulties are stated, we do not get quite as much help as, in our opinion, we have a right to expect from a book which is so good in other respects. We wished to know Mr. Jenkin's opinion as to whether or no a woman can be the chairman of a district or parish council or a parish meeting. The index under the headings "Chairman," "Disqualification," "District Council," "Parish Council," "Parish Meeting," "Woman," gave us no help, and we did not know where else to look. In reading the book we find that the chairmanship by a woman of district councils is dealt with at pp. xxxviii.-xli. of the Introduction (but not, we believe, in the body of the work); while the same point in respect to Parish meetings is dealt with at p. 147 (but not, we believe, in the Introduction). At p. xli. our author says:—"It is not expressly provided that her sex is not to disqualify a woman for the office of chairman of an urban district-council, but it seems to be implied that a woman may hold the office," and a reference is given to Sec. 22 of the Act, which provides that "The Chairman of a district Council, unless a woman . . . shall be . . . justice of the peace . . ."; the note to Sec. 22 does not touch the subject; p. xxxviii. contains a similar statement and reference about a rural district council. On p. 147 we find "Seeing that express provisions are made authorizing women to hold other offices under the Act, while no such provision is made as regards the office of chairman of a parish meeting appointed under the present section, it may be that a woman will be ineligible for the office." We think this a fair example of the way in which difficulties are dealt with, and we do not think it entirely satisfactory. Enough help is not given; what help is given can only be arrived at by a long hunt through Introduction and Notes. We must not omit to mention Appendix III., a most useful feature of the book. Here are gathered together the circulars of the Local Government Board which have reference to the subject in hand. Appendix I. contains an edition of statutes relating to Parish and District Councils arranged chronologically and well and carefully annotated. Appendix II. deals with statutes conferring those powers on Quarter Sessions which are now transferred to District Councils. Thus it will be seen that the scheme of the work is excellent. If Mr. Jenkin will be a little bolder, and will mend his index (especially by giving references to such parts of his Introduction as do not reappear in his Notes), we think his second edition will make a very good book indeed.

Mr. Humphreys's book is larger in all its directions than that of Mr. Jenkin, and as a consequence some five and twenty per cent. heavier; yet his notes and introduction are the shorter, and his appendix of Acts and circulars not so comprehensive. The extra weight is caused by the fact that the margins are sumptuous throughout; that (while Mr. Jenkin has been content to print his ancillary matter in smaller type) Mr. Humphreys's book has large type throughout; and that Messrs. Stevens & Sons, Lim., have added to this publication a catalogue of their law works. It is not as convenient a book to handle as Mr. Jenkin's, but it shares with that gentleman's work the merit of clearness and accuracy. We specially admire the excellent care and skill shown in the system of cross references. But if Mr. Jenkin does not always give us enough help in difficult places, Mr. Humphreys never even hints at difficulties. It is useless to enter into particulars; it must suffice to say that the guileless reader would rise from a perusal of Mr. Humphreys's edition with the idea that (except for a certain necessary intricacy of detail) the Act was as free from difficulties and ambiguities, as coherent and lucid, as, for example, the Bills of Exchange Act, 1882. We fear that this editor will not be of any great assistance to lawyers. Mr. Humphreys has one very good point, he does not waste much of his space in disquisitions upon subjects which are not matters of local government law, but which are mentioned in the Act; instead, he gives us references to books in which these subjects are severally treated. To take an instance, his whole note on "Residence" is only some twenty lines, of which the first line and a half read—"As to what constitutes residence see Rogers on Elections, Part I., 15th ed., pp. 133-37." Here we have given in a line and a half all that ought to be given on the subject of residence in a book on local government law, with a not unduly long concession to those who think that a law book should contain something about everything. The notes, in fact, are all agreeably terse, a merit which would be more appreciated,

we think, were the work so got up as to be quite small and handy. Its failure to perform a promise implied to our mind by its size and weight and general look of importance, a promise to tell us what the Act means, is likely to blind the reader to its great merits as a carefully edited book in which there is not much difficulty in finding what the Act says.

SIR ALFRED LYALL ON INDIA.

The Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India. By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. Third and enlarged edition. London: Murray. 1894.

THERE are new editions which call themselves new books; the third issue of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Rise of the British Dominion in India* is, in fact, a new book, and calls itself a new edition. Beginning its existence as a University Extension Manual, it was naturally found to be too good for such a breed. Its author has expanded it till it deserves a place in every gentleman's library, and pray Heaven that the gentleman may have no worse reading! It cannot be necessary here to give a minute account of the additions which—carrying the narrative on beyond the original limit of time, discussing the extremely interesting and important subject of Protectorates, which has always played a large part in our career, and may play a larger, considering the present face-to-face attitude of Russia and England, and so forth—have worked the booklet up into the book. Possibly they are not very bulky, for the people who laugh at "little books" are often unaware that there is frequently as much matter in a little book as in a large one. But they have made the change sufficiently. And the reappearance of the book in such a form is particularly happy at a time when public attention has been called—not, we think, with any particular wisdom or adroitness in the particular instance, but with an effect of at least possible benefit—to the state of India and the terms on which we hold it. We are not, as we have fully explained before, very greatly concerned on the question whether it was a pig or a plotter who smeared the Behar mango-trees with mud. But no one can be more convinced than we are that the saving or perishing of India—that is to say, of the British dominion in India, which is all that concerns any Englishman—is "on the edge of a razor." Give the fools and the faddists a little more rope, and they will hang us. Untwist the rope; turn it to its proper purpose of a scourge of small cords against them; and there is no danger.

To this end there can be nothing better than the general perusal of an adequate and interesting account of how we won India; and this can hardly be better supplied than Sir Alfred has supplied it. We need not go through his facts here; they appear to be critically correct, and it is noteworthy that the writer has not neglected the remarkable series of books by different French writers on French India which have appeared in the last few years, and of most, if not all, of which the readers of the *Saturday Review* have been supplied with an account as they appeared. But there are some points in Sir Alfred's more general handling of the situations that successively presented themselves on which it may be interesting to say a few words. For instance, he thinks that the French (and not the French only) have a good deal exaggerated the personal importance of Dupleix, and the extent to which France handicapped herself by not backing him up; and he returns again and again, with disapproval and refutation, to the various forms of the notion that the English Empire in India grew up in a haphazard fashion almost *malgré nous*, and without any one clearly seeing beforehand either what would be done or what ought to be done. His own theory, on the other hand, appears to be that the rise of our Indian Empire, though certainly not free from blunders and mishaps, was pretty deliberately planned and pretty systematically executed, that its whole course is methodically explicable and logically connected.

On the first point we shall not say very much. We are so far disposed to agree with Sir Alfred that we hold rather cheap the "might-have-been" theory, and the theory of personal capabilities baulked by this or that personal mistake or mischief of somebody else. A reasonable fatalism will regard might-have-beens as altogether idle, seeing that the thing that has been was the thing that had to be; and the personal hypothesis as erroneous, seeing that what a man does is generally, if not always, what was in him to do, and what he does not do is what was not in him to do. But even allowing for this, there certainly does seem to us ground for holding that the moment of the action of Dupleix was the "psychological moment," that he first saw what was the policy for Europeans in India to pursue, that he first pursued it successfully, and that, if he had been assisted by generals like Clive and Lawrence and Coote, if his Government (which at the

moment, be it remembered, was better, not worse, off than England for a footing in the Indian seas) had backed him up navally, he would have won. There is, no doubt, an element of foolishness in all these "ifs." But we are too unflinching Shakspearians not to accept, as quite compatible with a sane fatalism, the Shakspearian doctrine of the "tide in the affairs of men." And we think that the attempt of Dupleix marks that tide in the history of French India.

The second point is a much wider one. We are disposed to concede to Sir Alfred that the popular notion of the matter perhaps a little exaggerates the unexpected and miraculous element in it. In the first place, popular opinion is apt to do this in all matters—it hates your nasty, dull, cause-and-effect demonstration. In the second, very few Englishmen know anything whatever about Indian history, except the contents of Macaulay's two famous essays, which, like all their author's work, are, putting all questions of accuracy or inaccuracy aside, far too prone to throw up sharp contrasts and exaggerate rhetorically profitable differences. Thirdly, it is just to make some allowance for newspaper-readers who remember the Mutiny, and the uproar raised over Lord Lytton's attempt to give India a rational and defensible frontier, and the support given to Lord Ripon's attempt to make the very existence of Englishmen in India unsafe, and the mischievous tinkering and tamperings later with Opium agitations and fads of all kinds, and the opposition still maintained to the only possible frontier policy by many Englishmen and some Anglo-Indians. They may rush to the conclusion that not much more wisdom has gone to the governing of India in times past than they see to have gone in times present, and that the Fortune of England, which has had such a great say in other matters, as against the stupidity and wrong-headedness of Englishmen, has had, after all, the most to do with this matter also.

But we think that Sir Alfred rather exaggerates the value of the passages he cites from early writers, showing a sense of the value of Indian trade, &c. We think it would not be difficult to cite parallel passages to those which he quotes from Davenant and Leibnitz on the subject, from writers even earlier than the English statistician and the German philosopher. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were full of glowing auguries and schemes of the kind, the natural effect of the almost fabulous achievements of the Spaniards in America; and for one that has come to any fulfilment a hundred and more have failed. No doubt the progress of our Empire was not really haphazard; no progress is. A capable Cambridge pundit will give you exact formulas, satisfactorily accounting for every zigzag of a glass marble in the noble game of cockamaroo from the moment when it leaves the cue-end in the side alley till it has endured the rebuff of the last pin, and rests in its pigeon-hole at the bottom of the main board. But we cannot ourselves trace any but a very hand-to-mouth scheme *beforehand* on the part even of the very greatest Indian generals and administrators. They generally knew—as Englishmen (especially when not at home and not under Parliamentary control) have a blessed habit of knowing—the thing to do at the moment, the nail to drive home. But for a long time, at any rate, they did very little more; and there were episodes and intervals when they did not do as much. The decadence of France and Spain, the divisions of Germany, and the backwardness of Russia; the rotten borough and Ministerial corruption system at home; the extraordinary luck of the succession of two such men as Clive and Hastings; the diversion, by the loss of the United States, of almost the entire colonizing and conquering energy of England to the East for a time; and the vital necessity which the great French war put us under of maintaining a crushing navy, did much more for our Indian Empire than any connected plans either in Cannon Row or Calcutta. Still it is novel and rather subtly refreshing to find an Englishman chiming in with that view of the consistent, methodical, unshaking, unflinching policy of England which has hitherto been chiefly confined to Frenchmen. Are we *aussi malins que ça*, after all?

But the point which seems to us of most importance in this very remarkable book has yet to be mentioned. Although there has never been in India the fatal separation between the Civil and Military Services which has sometimes existed elsewhere—military officers being constantly selected for important civil employments, and civilians in the capacity of "politicals" frequently having not a little to say to things military—it would be idle to deny that a jealousy quite strong enough to be healthy has always existed between them. Here, as elsewhere, the civilian has been convinced that arms ought to yield to the gown; here, as elsewhere, the soldier has been apt to say, under or above his breath, and with a great deal of truth, that while he is constantly called in to patch up the civilian's blunders, the civilian is but too apt to throw away what has been bought

with his blood. It is all the more noteworthy, and all the more satisfactory, to find Sir Alfred Lyall, than whom the Civil Service of India, brilliant as are its records, has counted few more brilliant members, admitting both explicitly and by implication that, to alter James V.'s words (without that bad omen which, after all, was not such a very bad one), "It came with the sword, and it will go with the sword." Not that he does not do ample justice to the deeds and the achievements—admirable certainly—of the famous men who went before him as Civil servants of the Company and the Crown; not that he does not make a decent reference at the end to our having "undertaken the intellectual emancipation of the Indian people," and so forth. But, unless we are very stupid or Sir Alfred has an extraordinary faculty of concealing his thoughts, we are inclined to believe that our exertions in this latter direction leave him a little cold, that he is not inclined to cry with the Sir William Wedderburns "Nunc Dimittis" at the notion that Indians are beginning to understand the wickedness of way-leaves and to comprehend the loveliness of the living wage. Nay, though it is rather his silence than his speech that we have to go upon, we do verily suspect Sir Alfred of not being far from our own opinion that the pen is casting away what the sword has given. But, however this may be, there is no doubt or question that his book shows, with an unusual combination of brilliancy and accuracy, that the epic of the British conquest of India is a *Schwertlied*—that we are where we are because we hit harder than others, planted our blows more scientifically, had more wind and more bottom in the conflict, knew how to pick ourselves up after a fall, and even (though it must be owned that this is the part of the record on which we have least to pride ourselves) knew how to push on after a success. And this is the root of every matter. The civilian is a good, an excellent, an indispensable man; but, indispensable as he is, his indispensability comes second to that of the soldier. *C'est l'homme qui se bat et qui conseille*, no doubt; the two qualities are his essence and his reason of being. But all his counsel will be foolishness, and all its upcome misery and shame, if he cannot fight first, and fight on, and, if need be, die fighting.

ENGLISH LOTTERIES.

A History of English Lotteries, now for the first time attempted. By John Ashton. London: Leadenhall Press, Lim.

MR. ASHTON has long been before us as a patient and industrious compiler of books and collector of facts more or less well known already. His books belong to the less dignified branches of history. They are, for the most part, contributions to the social history of the country. How our grandfathers dined; what they ate and drank; how they dressed themselves; how they danced, gambled, and went to the play—these things occupy Mr. Ashton's attention, and are more attractive to him than any changes of thought or ideas, government or religion. Let us hasten to acknowledge that the history of social manners and customs is an extremely interesting subject, and that Mr. Ashton very rightly finds it an attractive study. On this occasion he has been fortunate enough to light upon an obscure branch of social history never before examined or explored. He has discovered and written the History of English Lotteries, and he is so far happy in being the first in the field that, unless the critic hunts up the facts for himself, he is not likely to know them, and therefore cannot question whatever Mr. Ashton may allege. There have been essays, sermons, stories written on the evils of lotteries; but, so far as we can discover, there has been no History of Lotteries before this book.

The English lottery continued for two hundred and fifty years, though at first its employment as a means of raising money was irregular, interrupted, held at long intervals, and regarded with suspicion. The first recorded lottery ever held in England was that of the year 1569. It was projected in 1566, but was taken up so slowly that three years elapsed before the drawing. The bill, or programme, of this lottery is preserved in the muniment-room of Loxley House, in Surrey. It is described as being five feet long by nineteen inches wide; in black letter; at the top there is an illustration of the prizes. The number of lots was 400,000; the proceeds were to be spent in repairing the havens and in other public works. The first prize was valued at 5,000*l.*—namely, 3,000*l.* in money, 700*l.* in plate, and the rest in tapestry and cloth: there were twenty-five prizes in all, worth from 100*l.* to 5,000*l.* a-piece, and 30,000 prizes ranging from 50*l.* to 14*s.* Every share was to be sold for ten shillings, "and no more." Those who took shares sent in a posy, or device, instead of a name. Some of these posies have been preserved in a little book now in the Loxley collection. It is called "Prizes drawn in the

Lottery from the 16th to the 26th day of February." The prizes, it will be observed, are all less than the cost of the ticket. Alice Crewe, who gets a prize of 1s. 3d.—which is more than she deserves for the badness of her couplet—writes:—

If Fortune be froward my angell is gone,
But if Fortune be friendly with increase it cometh home.

Nicholas Martin, who gets 5s., writes, with commendable boldness:—

Cast the grapple over the bote,
If God will, be the Great Lot.

William Doughtie de Westholme plaintively calls upon Providence to consider his case, a hard one. But he only got 2s. 3d.:—

God send a good lot for my children and me,
Which have had twenty by one wife truly.

And poor Sibbel Cleyrn could only add 2s. 1d. to her slender dot. Yet she put her case quite unmistakably:—

I am a pore maiden and faine would marry,
And the lacke of goods is the cause that I tarry.

Many towns sent up contributions in the hope of receiving a great prize. Yarmouth sent up 15l. with the device:—

Yermouth haven, God send thee spede,
The Lord he knoweth thy great nede.

The drawing was begun on the 11th of January, 1569, at the west door of St. Paul's, and continued till the 6th of May—"daie and night." This seems a long time; but if we work out the sum it means that 116 days, or 2,784 hours, were spent in drawing 400,000 lots at the rate of 143 lots an hour, or two lots and a half for every minute, which seems quick work. It would be interesting to hear who drew the Great Lot on this occasion, and what he did with it. "Fortune's Favourites; or, Who Drew the Great Lots, with particulars of their After Life" (by John Ashton, of course), would be a pleasing and useful supplement to the History of Lotteries.

A lottery for armour, "marvellous rich and beautiful," was held in 1585. The drawing was also in St. Paul's Churchyard at the west doors, in a convenient house of timber erected for the purpose. Another, in 1612, was drawn at the same place for the benefit of the colony of Virginia, but the subscription fell short of the proposed total by 60,000 lots. In 1612 Cornelius Drebbel—we suppose the very ingenious Drebbel—Mr. Ashton ought not to call him "one Cornelius Drebbel"—who had rooms in Whitehall Palace and invented quantities of things, including a machine for perpetual motion and a submarine boat, petitioned for leave to hold a lottery, but did not succeed.

In 1620 the holding of lotteries was suspended, but in 1627 licence to hold one was granted to certain persons for the purpose of making an aqueduct. In 1631 the same persons obtained another licence with the same object. In the years 1637, 1639, 1640, and 1653, lotteries were held, each with some definite object. The frequency with which they were licensed sufficiently indicates the newborn eagerness with which they were now taken up by the public. Henceforth for a hundred and fifty years this eagerness went on increasing year after year. One scheme in 1660 empowered a Cavalier ruined by his loyalty to hold a lottery, the proceeds of which were to be employed in the ransom of English slaves in Tunis, Algiers, and the Turkish galleys; but he was allowed to keep one-third of the profits for himself. It is not stated who were to be the trustees of the fund thus created, and whether the ruined Cavalier ever presented his accounts for audit. Several licences of a similar character were granted about this time, one of which, a very mischievous licence, was for an institution called the Royal Oak Lottery, which seems to have been a purely gambling business by which many hundreds were ruined. The private lottery in the reign of Charles II. became a scandalous abuse. One man put up his plate in a lottery for the benefit of poor Cavaliers; another put up his books; Prince Rupert's heirs put up his jewels after his death; the public presently grew suspicious and refused to take up the lots; and so the private holding of lotteries ceased.

In the year 1694 the Government began to understand what Queen Elizabeth's advisers had perceived in 1569—that a State lottery may be a very profitable and easy way of raising money. A loan of a million was raised in this way, with 2,500 prizes, the first prize being a charge upon Government of 1,000l. a year, whether for a term of years, or for life, or in perpetuity, does not appear. If in perpetuity, the prize of the year 1694 represents by this time, without counting interest, a capital sum of 200,000l., which is a substantial prize to receive. If compound interest be reckoned at 4 per cent., it runs into millions, many millions—

roughly speaking, about one-seventh of the present National Debt. But the grant was probably an annuity.

In 1657 another loan of 1,400,000l. was raised in like manner. In 1695 it was resolved to suppress lotteries—this continual recognition of the evils of lotteries is very significant—but in 1710 another lottery was held for a million and a half. After this they became frequent again, although they were prohibited by Act 8 Geo. I. c. 2, and again 12 Geo. II. c. 28. The prohibition did not prevent the holding of a lottery for the purpose of building the first Westminster Bridge. In the years 1743–1748 a State Lottery was held every year. In 1751 a State lottery of 70,000 shares at 10l. each was received with disfavour. In 1753 the British Museum was founded by means of a lottery, the profits of which bought Montagu House and some of the collections. After this, and for many years, the lottery became an annual institution. The Chancellor of the Exchequer invited a few of the leading stockbrokers to meet him; he then explained his intention of issuing a lottery for, say, 500,000l. at 10l. a share, the whole to be distributed in prizes, and he asked them to tender for the shares. They would be all bought up at a premium of 5l. each. This meant the distribution of 500,000l. among the holders of 750,000l. The buyers immediately disposed of their shares among the lottery agents at a higher price; the agents, of course, in their turn, ran up the prices still higher, dividing them into quarter shares, eighths, and sixteenths, and even smaller parts, so that the 500,000l. to be given in prizes now stood against a subscription of, perhaps, more than a million. The prizes were numerous; but, of course, every great prize necessitated a large number of blanks. The chances of winning were estimated in the year 1751 as six to one against any prize, 1794 to 1 against a thousand-pound prize; and 34,999 to 1 against winning a ten-thousand-pound prize.

The last lottery was that of the year 1826. It was high time to stop. The fierce excitement as the drawing drew near; the daily rise in the value of the tickets; the buying and selling of them; the temptation to clerks and servants to rob their masters in order to get only a sixteenth share; the temptation to forge and to personate; the encouragement in a people, never backward in matters of sport, of a gambling spirit compared with which the excitement over a Northern football-match is philosophically mild, and Epsom on the Derby Day is meditative and tranquil; the madness of those who won; the despair of those who lost; the mischievous examples of sudden wealth, neither worked for nor deserved—all these things gave to the lottery, for at least a hundred years, a most baneful influence upon society. All classes were moved by the dream of sudden wealth; maidservants, apprentices, footmen, tradesmen, and with them grave divines and country gentlemen. Tame and dull must have been the melancholy years that followed when the delights of this excitement were removed. Paltry and plodding is the excitement over the modern race compared with that over the ancient lottery; he who "has a bit" on the winner—what are his winnings? Perhaps ten to one—perhaps a paltry ten-pound note. Why, in the lottery it might have been 30,000l.! There is a lottery still; most of us get a circular about it from time to time, dated from Hamburg; it is believed to attract few; no one asks who has won the Great Lot. The reason is that no one ever hears of the drawing; if it is public, the papers are all in a tale to keep it dark; the world is not invited to witness the drawing; the thing is believed to be a mere foreign, hole-and-corner concern; rightly or wrongly, that is its reputation; it is not one of our fine old English lotteries with a Bluecoat Boy to pull the tickets out of the wheel for all the world to see; and an unsportsmanlike press refuses to write it up.

Otherwise the materials for the gamble exist still, and the love of the gamble exists still; it is only the temptation that is needed; in such a case temptation tempts only where confidence exists, and no confidence can be awakened, as regards any kind of lottery, save by the publicity of the Press.

It remains to be said that Mr. Ashton has spared no pains to accumulate illustrations for the book. Lottery tickets, agents' prospectuses and circulars, advertisements, pictures of the drawing, doggerel rhymes—for the lotteries had their poets—of all these things the book is stuffed full.

PARNELL'S POEMS.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnell. Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by George A. Aitken. (Aldine Edition of the British Poets.) London: George Bell & Sons. 1894.

"AND all that's madly wild, or oddly gay, we call it only pretty Fanny's way." Here is a quotation, the last three words of which, we should imagine, are fairly well known to the

average reader in many places other than their first context. But we doubt extremely whether that average reader would be able to track them to their fount and source. At all events, they are not to be discovered in Mr. Hain Friswell's *Familiar Words*, and such desk-books for "catching the eel of science by the tail" as we have at present within reach. When we say that they are from the pen of an Augustan divine who translated the *Pervigilium Veneris* and the *Batrachomyomachia*, we should probably give the inquirer no clue to the discovery of the writer;—nay, it is even possible that if we added that he was also the author of a monody on Death, and an apostrophe to the Bookworm (the insect, not the individual), it is still long odds that—to borrow a phrase from the game of "hide and seek"—he would remain "cold." Yet there was a day when Thomas Parnell, D.D., Archdeacon of Clogher, was a bright particular star in the literary firmament; when his sayings, like those of Præd's "Belle of the Ball," were extremely quoted; when he was praised by Pope and the Shakespeare-scorner Hume, and used by Goldsmith as a stick to beat both Gray and Collins. It is not so to-day. If people know anything of him, it is but to confuse his *Hermit* vaguely with the *Hermit* of Goldsmith; and they are probably as little acquainted with his once famous "Night Piece on Death" as they are with the "City Night-Piece" of the same writer, which in at least one passage bears obvious sign of having been influenced by Parnell's lines. So much for the bard, of whom Hume affirmed that his work, "after the fiftieth reading, was as fresh as at the first."

Parnell has, however, his place in English poetry, though he has lost his audience; and if his Victorian critic is not prepared to rise to the enthusiasm of his earlier admirers, he may be perfectly willing to admit a certain, and by no means inconsiderable, measure of constructive elegance, whether due or not due to the stimulating encouragement of Pope, in such compositions as the "Night-Piece," the "Hymn to Contentment," and the "Hermit." The lighter and occasional pieces, "A Fairy Tale" excepted, are less memorable; and "The Bookworm"—a most fearsome beast in the poet's eye—is rather laboured and silly. One of its more interesting passages—interesting in that it assembles for us, in a few happily characterized lines, a group of Parnell's contemporaries—seems to have remained *perdu* in MS.:

Here's fame to Pope, and wealth to Steele,
And all to Addison he will;
May Garth have practice, Congreve sight,
May Rowe get many a full third night;
Be gentle Gay's and Tickell's lot
At least as good as Budgell got.

In any examination in English literature this would be an excellent quotation for a paper. The candidate who, without cramming, could explain the allusions, and give a brief account of the nine luminaries therein celebrated, would certainly deserve full marks. If there be any further performances of Parnell worth remembering, they must be sought for in the new edition of his works which Messrs. Bell have recently added to their excellent "Aldine Series," under the editorship of Mr. George A. Aitken. Mr. Aitken's name is always an earnest of fresh facts and conscientious annotation, neither of which are absent from his latest effort.

A HISTORY OF CABINETS.

History of Cabinets; from the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal. By W. M. TORRENS. London: Allen & Co. 1894.

A HISTORY of "Cabinets" is not, and does not profess to be, the same thing as a History of "the Cabinet," and some injustice has been done to the late Mr. McCullagh Torrens's posthumous work by critics who have disregarded this distinction. No doubt the author himself was in part responsible for the misunderstanding. In certain passages of his introductory chapter he fails, on his own part, to observe the line of demarcation between the two subjects; and, indeed, he uses language here and there in this preface which undoubtedly seems to suggest an intention not to write a mere narrative of the doings of certain groups of politicians, but to trace the curious and most interesting growth of a unique political institution. Thus, for instance, speaking of the particular group of peers and commoners whom William III., immediately after the decisive vote of the Convention Parliament, appointed to the chief offices of State, Mr. Torrens asks: "Were the new officials a Cabinet?" and, of course, answers his own question in the negative, adding, what is perfectly true, that William would have asked no man to form a Government for him, "for he wanted Ministers, not a Ministry."

Passages like this undoubtedly raise the expectation that the writer proposes to show us how and when "Ministers" first began to constitute "Ministries." If this, however, was at any time in Mr. Torrens's contemplation, he abandoned the project. That he had not yet cleared his own ideas on the subject is evident from his talking in this passage of the "Cabinet" and the "Prime Minister" as though the former implied the latter, or at any rate, as though, in fact, the two expressions came into use in their full modern significance at the same period. As a matter of history, the former was intermittently current, if with some vagueness of meaning, in our politics for a full generation before the latter. Walpole, after having for twenty years presided over a Government which very nearly satisfied all the modern tests of a Cabinet, felt it necessary to repudiate the title of Prime Minister—an officer whom the peers who voted the Address to the Crown for Walpole's removal declare in their protest to be "unknown to the law of Britain, inconsistent with the Constitution of the country, and destructive of liberty in any Government whatsoever."

In any case, however, the disappointment of any reader who may have expected a constitutional treatise, instead of a political chronicle, could not have been long delayed. When we find Mr. Torrens designating the first Government formed after the accession of the House of Brunswick as also the "First Cabinet," we see at once that he has ceased to trouble himself about scientific accuracy. Neither in a popular nor in a technical sense can the title of the First Cabinet be applied to that Government. Popularly speaking, there had been at least two Cabinets before it—one in the reign of William III. and one in that of Anne. Technically speaking, no Cabinet came into existence until years afterwards. As to the earlier cases, one of them, at any rate, is considerably better entitled to be taken as a starting point than the one chosen by Mr. Torrens; since assuredly the homogeneous Whig Ministry gradually forced upon Anne by Godolphin in 1706 was a much nearer approach, when fully constituted, to a modern Cabinet than was a Government in which the Whig Devonshire rubbed shoulders with the Tory Nottingham. And it must be confessed that, by merely giving that Government this name of the First Cabinet, Mr. Torrens does in a certain sense implicitly undertake to justify it—an undertaking which he could not of course have fulfilled without giving to his work a character of much greater exactitude, and therewith a higher political value, than we can fairly allow to belong to it. If a writer is to lay down as matter of history that, in such and such a year of such and such a reign, a certain body of politicians formed themselves or were formed into a Government which the historian is for the first time entitled to call a Cabinet, he can hardly absolve himself of the obligation to define his terms. Into the definition of this particular term, as now understood, five distinct elements enter. A Cabinet nowadays invariably consists (1) of members of the Legislature who (2) hold the same political views, and must be chosen from the party possessing a majority in the House of Commons; who (3) prosecute a concerted and unanimously adopted policy at home and abroad; who (4) accept a common responsibility, to be signified by collective resignation, in the event of Parliamentary censure; and who (5) acknowledge a common subordination, in the last resort, to the authority of the Chief Minister. The complete recognition of these five principles was a very long business; and the final establishment of one and another of them as parts of the essential definition of a Cabinet occurred at dates separated from each other by long intervals. Broadly speaking, it may be said that not one of them was established in 1688, though no doubt (1) had governed practice for some time and was soon to be finally accepted in theory. But of the others, it has already been pointed out that (5) was repudiated as late as 1741, and it may be added that (2) and (3) can hardly be described as free from challenge until the second half of the eighteenth century, and that (4) was not so unquestionable at the beginning of the nineteenth, but that Pitt's Chancellor could continue after his chief's resignation in 1801 to attend meetings of the succeeding Cabinet until he received the broadest of hints to follow his late colleagues into retirement.

But even if it were beyond the scope of the author's intention to detail the successive steps by which the Cabinet reached its full and final development, his work might have been—indeed, it seems meant to have been—something more than a mere chronicle of the acts and policy of the series of Administrations which held power in this country "from the Union with Scotland to the Acquisition of Canada and Bengal." Cabinets have histories of their own, distinct from, though, of course, concurrent with, and in large measure dependent on, the national history of their time; and a collection of these histories, fully and authentically narrated, would undoubtedly form one of the most interesting books that

ever were written. The trouble is that no adequate, or adequately certified, materials exist for the composition of such a work. Its *mémoires pour servir* would have to be gathered from a few usually over-discreet and ultra-reticent Parliamentary statements of retiring Ministers, supplemented by the often scanty, and still more often severely edited, diarizings of contemporary statesmen. It is seldom indeed that a Sir John Pakington lifts the veil that hides the sacred interior, and gives us, as in his ever-memorable history of the "Ten-minutes Bill," a real glimpse of the inner life of a Cabinet. And the light of all such revelations illumines but a very limited area. We know more of the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet for a couple of months or so in 1867 than during all the rest of its two-years term of office; and more of the Beaconsfield Cabinet in the January and February of 1878 than at any other time between 1874 and 1880. Additions may, of course, be made hereafter to our stock of information as to the *vie intime* of both these Cabinets; but, unless the future differs greatly in this respect from the past, and unless many restraints now regarded as binding—including, indeed, that of the Privy Councillor's oath—are destined to lose their force, we see no probability that the materials at the disposal of this class of historian will ever be much more copious than they are at present.

It seems, it is true, to have been Mr. Torrens's belief or assumption—and it is certainly that of Mr. H. B. St. John, in his short preface—that these materials exist in sufficient quantity already. Mr. St. John speaks of the book as having been "mainly written from original MSS.," and the author himself speaks of finding our way "from private collections and public archives" to a just estimate of Ministries gone by. Yet, though his researches, extending, as we are told, over seven years, have been most industriously pursued; though he has consulted diaries, correspondence, manuscript Cabinet minutes preserved in the Record Office; though we doubt not that, in the words of his "constant companion" during the period of his labours, "he has ransacked many storehouses of literature for ounces of fact or illustration," yet we cannot honestly say that he leaves us with any clearer idea of the "true inwardness" of the Cabinets whose history he has written than we had before. Much or most of what their members officially said and did during their term of office was already public property; what they thought, as gathered from what they privately and unofficially said, remains as much a mystery as ever. It is possible that by going very carefully line by line through Mr. Torrens's book, and comparing it, say, with Coxe's Walpole for the first volume, and with Stanhope and Lord Macaulay's two essays on Chatham for the second, one might find here and there an additional ray of light projected into here and there a dark political corner. But we doubt whether the accruing advantage would repay the perusal of considerably over a thousand pages. Mr. Torrens's work has been most diligently prepared and is not uninterestingly written; but it suffers from the double effect of being too voluminous for the general reader, and too discursive and unmethodical for the student.

ELEMENTARY METEOROLOGY.

Elementary Meteorology. By Professor W. M. Davis, Harvard College. Boston: Ginn & Co.

THE present volume has a widely different character from one of similar name widely known in England, being distinctly addressed *ad clerum*, instead of *ad populum*. In the United States meteorology is regularly taught at schools and universities, while no professorship of that branch of science as yet exists in these islands.

Professor Davis addresses his work to teachers and scholars, as dealing with the principles on which the science is based; but the ordinary non-scientific reader will fairly say that to call such a book elementary is a misnomer, as it repeatedly touches upon hydrodynamics, a sufficiently abstruse science. From cover to cover it contains no sufficient account of instruments and their manipulation, but treats of the principles on which, in the author's opinion, the various phenomena are based.

Professor Davis discusses the meteorology of the entire globe, but he has not previously fitted himself for such a task, as M. Woëlkof did, by a protracted tour round the world. Consequently various slips occur, such as placing the plains of Piedmont (we suppose Lombardy is meant) in Switzerland (p. 240); we also hardly recognize Professor Dove's name with an accent over the "e." At p. 63 we learn that "observations made at sea are gathered by the Hydrographic Offices of various countries," the fact being that it is only at Washington that the hydrographer occupies himself with such work; neither in Germany,

Holland, nor this country are meteorological observations discussed by the Hydrographic Office.

Having said this much in the way of finding fault, we must admit that the plan of the work is very thorough. It is divided into fourteen chapters, which treat successively of the different branches of the science, as will be gathered from an enumeration of some of their titles. Chapter III. is "The Control of Atmospheric Phenomena by the Sun," Chapter V. "The Measurement and Distribution of Atmospheric Temperature," Chapter VII. "A General Classification of the Winds," and Chapter XII. "The Causes and Distribution of Rainfall."

The author follows Ferrel in much of his theoretical explanations of the phenomena, but he also illustrates his reasoning by frequent diagrams exhibiting the distribution of temperature in vertical heights, the vertical gradients, and how, *e.g.*, in accounting for the genesis of cyclones, this line of distribution varies from the simple adiabatic curve.

A good deal of space, at the beginning of the book, is devoted to the explanation of convection in air and gases, as the fundamental principle which naturally must be called in in the explanations of the origin of atmospheric disturbances.

It may surprise those who first open the book to find in the early pages a chapter on the colours of the sky. These are treated as belonging essentially to the atmosphere at large, and to the presence of dust particles therein, and so being totally independent of phenomena at the earth's surface. In his account of the actual tints of the sky the author follows Lord Rayleigh.

The account of the distribution of temperature is illustrated by charts copied from Dr. Buchan's *Challenger* volume, and to these are added the isabnormal charts recently prepared by Batchelder on the basis of the *Challenger* charts, and published in Vol. X. of the *American Meteorological Journal*.

In Chapter VII. Professor Davis gives his general classification of the winds, and as a specimen of his work we extract the subjoined table of classification according to cause:—

Source of Energy.	Application.	Period.	Name of Wind.
Solar Heat	Equator and Poles	Permanent	Planetary
" "	Heat Equator and Poles	Annual	Terrestrial
" "	Continents and Oceans	Annual	Continental
" "	Land and Water	Diurnal	Land and Sea breezes
" "	Mountains and Valleys	Diurnal	Mountain and Valley winds
" "	Local or Indirect	Irregular	Cyclonic and other storms
" "	Light and Shadow	Irregular	Eclipse winds
" "	Indirect	Accidental	Landslide and Avalanche blasts
Lunar Attraction	Through the Tides	Twice in a lunar day	Tidal breezes
Telluric Heat	Volcanic Eruptions	Irregular	Volcanic storms

Of these multifarious varieties of winds, several appear hardly worthy of notice in a serious text-book. The class of "Eclipse winds" is based on the vague statement that "certain observers have reported a light wind moving from the space traversed by the passing shadow of the moon during a solar eclipse."

The explanations of the trades, anti-trades, and monsoons will repay perusal, as well as those of the general circulation of the atmosphere and of land and sea breezes. The account of the diurnal variation of wind velocity is also clearly given, as well as the notice of the contrast between high and low level stations in respect to this phenomenon of daily variation.

After leaving the winds Professor Davis turns to moisture, and insists on the necessity of artificially ventilating the wet-bulb hygrometer, a precaution which is too much disregarded in this country. We pass on to dew, frost, and clouds, and here we find the term "frost" used as synonymous with "hoar frost," a limitation which does not recommend itself to English readers. In the section on clouds Professor Davis gives full scope to his command of language in his theoretical explanation of their formation and disappearance.

Chapter X. treats of Cyclonic Storms and Winds, and in Section 218 the author gives a very graphic account of the instrumental and other phenomena accompanying a regular tropical hurricane, which would almost seem to have been drawn from personal experience. The following extract will, however, indicate the frame of mind in which Professor Davis leaves the student, who, we may suppose, expected his author to give him a clearly defined explanation of the origin of cyclones:—

"The student should, therefore, hold the convectional theory in mind as being well supported by reasonable evidence, and yet as still lacking the final element of direct demonstration; he should remember the evidence that leads to the conclusion here regarded as the most probable one; he should not memorize the conclusion alone. Recognizing convection as a process characteristic of gases, easily produced by experiment on small or large scale, observable in natural processes of various dimensions, as in the "boiling" of warm air over hot sandy surfaces,

in the formation of cumulus clouds, in the movement of land and sea breezes, he should appreciate the arguments that lead to belief in the convectional origin of the general circulation of the atmosphere between the equator and the poles and between the continents and the oceans. He might thus, indeed, on beginning the present chapter, be prejudiced in favour of a convectional origin for tropical cyclones; yet if he would be guided by the true spirit of scientific inquiry, he must maintain an unsettled opinion as long as the evidence is incomplete or contradictory; he must adopt conclusions only where the evidence is complete and convincing; he must ever hold his mind open to new evidence, even if it bring about the abandonment of accepted beliefs. He may, if desirable, quote the conclusions of others, and, if well read, he may thus become widely informed; but he will fail to gain the best benefit that comes from careful study if he does not reach opinions and conclusions for himself, forming them only as fast as the evidence that may support them is clearly understood.

The whole outcome of this wealth of words is that Professor Davis, like all other meteorologists, professes his inability to explain the origin of storms.

We are led from the consideration of tropical cyclones to that of extra-tropical cyclones and anticyclones, and the author holds the former of these to be essentially nonconvectional in their origin, mainly owing to their appearance being, as a rule, confined to the winter season. In the explanation of anticyclones the theories so ably expounded by Hann of Vienna are followed. The concluding paragraph of this chapter appears worth quotation:—

'The well-marked features of the several classes of cyclonic winds and of the anti-cyclonic calm may now be briefly reviewed. The sirocco is warm because it comes from a warm region; it is dry if derived from arid regions, or moist if flowing from warm seas into cyclonic centres. The cold wave is cold because it comes from a cold region; it is relatively dry because its temperature rises as it advances. The Bora is cold in spite of its descent, because it was unduly cold before the descent began. The Föhn is warm and dry on account of its supply from high levels at moderate temperatures and its rapid descent to lower levels. The inversion of temperature in winter anti-cyclones is due to the slow descent of their central air; thus allowing the production of relatively high temperature and low humidity at middle elevations, and of extremely low temperature and high humidity at low levels. Although these various classes may be connected with one another by intermediate examples, they are all easily recognized when well developed, and hence serve as convenient types with which our many kinds of weather may be compared. They are not normal members of the general circulation, but are products of disturbances that interrupt the steadier flow of the great body of the atmosphere; they do not involve the higher levels of the air, but are for the most part developed in greatest distinctness close to the surface of the earth on which we live.'

Chapter XI. is devoted to local storms, and under this head are grouped Thunderstorms, Tornadoes (in the American sense of the word), Whirlwinds, and Waterspouts. Into the production of these, by convectional action in the atmosphere, Professor Davis enters at very considerable length. This portion of the book is most copiously illustrated. The last three chapters, on the Causes and Distribution of Rainfall, on Weather, and on Climate, are not treated in at all the same detail as the subjects dealt with in the earlier pages of the book.

Our notice will, we hope, be sufficient to show that Professor Davis has furnished us with a book which well deserves reading. It is ambitious in its conception, and full, we might almost say too full, in the mode of carrying it out. As we have said above, the main fault we find with it as a text-book is that the teacher at the end of most of his explanations tells his pupils that he is unable to state a definite conclusion as the result of all his reading.

NEW MUSIC.

MESSRS. ASCHERBERG & CO. send only two of their publications—two short songs, to wit—but the interest attached to these compositions warrants the envoy, and, one may add, seldom was there a pleasanter duty assigned to the reviewer than a perusal of these compositions. They are due to the fancy of a Royal dilettante, and inspired by the verses of a great English statesman; in other words, these are songs by H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg to poems by Lord Beaconsfield—"The Green Chevalier's Song" and "The Blue-Eyed Maiden's Song." The former, in *stornello* form in the first strophe, passes into the *romanza* style in the second with a happy change of rhythm—the attack being on the accentuated part of the bar this time—and a tasteful arpeggio accompaniment, as against chords

in the first strophe. The melody flows gracefully in phrases full of distinction and charm, the harmonies caress the ear delightfully, and the whole song has a vague archaic flavour—especially in the cadence "Thus youth flies"—which enhances yet its fascination. "The Blue-Eyed Maiden's Song" is an impassioned *romanza*, the minor (*f*) of the first strophe changing into major in the second, as the despondent words of the first verse give way to hope in the second. Here, again, the melodic design is refined and original, and the accompaniment, boldly worked out in the basses, is full of charming harmonies. The voice is treated in both songs with remarkable skill, and Messrs. Ascherberg have here two gems, upon the acquisition of which they are sincerely complimented.

Messrs. Phillips & Page send, among others, a posthumous song by Gounod—an "Ave Maria" unaccountably "Englished" into "The Cross of Calvary"—with a peculiar "special notice" to the effect that there will be published in due time "a song with orchestral accompaniment, to which Mme. Gounod attaches considerable importance. His [Gounod's] wonderful mastery of orchestration—as exemplified in his immortal *Faust*—will naturally create interest in this composition when it is published." Suppose Messrs. the publishers were to confine themselves to buying and selling music alone, leaving to others to say *what* creates the interest in Gounod's compositions? The song under consideration, hardly improved in its English version, is of course a sacred song, and is based on a couple of chime-like phrases treated in progression. The composition is said to be Gounod's *last of all*. We quite believe that. From the same firm, "Puss! Puss!" by Juan Gomez, a jolly polka; "Angel Voices," by Clement Lockmane, the usual pseudo-sacred effusion about "Sweet angels" and "Heav'n's most beauteous land," and all the *tremblement*; "Auld Reekie" and "Spanish Waltz," by Fabian Rose, both excellent dance tunes; "Children's Dance Album," nine dances by Fabian Rose, Scott Leslie, Godfrey White, and Gustave de Lis, may be safely recommended, though the polka on "Schumann's Melody" is not a happy thought. "The Martyr," by Alfred Phillips, is an unspeakably silly composition, with recitative, aria, and a refrain, where the martyr sings of his vision in waltz rhythm, *s.v.p.*! "Intermezzo in F," by Max Werner, threatens a companion in another key, and is merely a polka in disguise.

Messrs. Weekes & Co. send three rather feeble compositions for piano and violin, by Henry Tolhurst, "Sweet Thoughts," "A Riverside Melody," and "Eventide"; some "original organ compositions," by W. A. Jefferson; a pretty "Berceuse," by V. Donagoff, a name that sounds Russian, but is not; another "Berceuse," not bad, by Henriette de Bellegarde; a waltz by Gustav Hölzel, described as a "Song without words," and arranged for the harp by Mr. John Thomas; and a "little musical fancy," by Geoffrey Bruce, "The Fairies Dance at Day-break," supposed to illustrate "the assembly of the Fairies, the Dance, their gradual dispersal and disappearance." Dear, dear! We have also two more ambitious works, "Llewellyn," a school operetta, by J. Edward Parrott, and "The Legend of Oriella," a cantata, by J. Hoffmann—both may be recommended as useful works of the kind. The anthems sent are a fair proof of the difficulty of finding nowadays writers of good anthems.

By far the best parcel of compositions comes from Messrs. Paterson & Sons—an "Ave Maria," by Hamish MacCunn, to words by Sir Walter Scott, a beautifully inspired song which ought soon to be heard in London; "The Abbot of Dee," a charming ballad by Alfred Stella, melody and accompaniments replete with humour and piquancy; by the same composer, "Swallows Come Home," an absolutely perfect and delightful song; "Meer-Stille," a waltz, and "Le Bon Vivant," a polka, both by Pierre Perrot, extremely good dances and well worthy of becoming popular. A special word of praise to Messrs. Paterson & Sons for their very tasteful title-pages; thus cometh light from—Edinburgh.

From Messrs. Wickins & Co. we have their "Grosvenor College Voluntaries," somewhat mistakenly described as "Organ Music by Eminent Composers." These are mostly arrangements from the works of great masters by competent musicians, doctors, and conductors, and it is a far cry from a degree and a *bâton* to eminence. The arrangements are, however, good, especially those by Dr. Spark. "On the Crest of the Wave," by Harrison White, is a goodish song to excellent words by Adrienne. "Alas! 'twas but a Dream," written and composed by Florence Wickins, deserves praise; for, despite a certain timidity in modulations and basses that might be improved, the song is really charming, and very well conceived. The accompaniments in the third strophe are a decided contrapuntal *trovata*.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. send a violin and pianoforte suite, "Hamlet," by Berthold Tours; "pour une suite c'est une

suite, mais quant à Hamlet jamais!" The work is a series of seven short pieces, not very striking as far as distinction or fancy is concerned, but still a correct, musicianly affair, and, if pretensions of suggestion were let alone, and the thing described as a Suite in F, its value would be enhanced.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

L'Italie d'hier. Notes de voyage, 1855-56. Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.

Etudes et portraits. Par Jules Delafosse. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Bernadette de Lourdes. Par Emile Pouillon. Paris: Plon.

Jean Péc. Par Charles de Borden. Paris: Plon.

La Vénitienne. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris: Plon.

La fiancée du docteur. Par Paul Samy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

ALTHOUGH some of those little delusions, amiable and other, which have frequently characterized the works of M. Edmond de Goncourt appear in the introduction which he has prefixed to his own and his brother's notes of a journey in Italy nearly forty years ago, we are by no means sorry that he has published them. He has re-published with them an article, or rather a couple of articles, entitled *Venise la nuit*, which is a specimen of the work whereinto these notes were intended to be worked up, and which actually appeared in the *Artiste* under the good-natured editorship of Gautier. According to M. de Goncourt (on whom what has been called *cliquophobia* is known to have a very strong hold) Xavier Aubryet, who was then finding, or helping to find, the money for the paper, drew such a horrific picture of the puzzlement and disgust of the *abonné* that the shy and youthful authors refused payment, and threw the rest of the book into the fire. He represents it further as the effect of mistaken ideas on their part, they being still in the gall of artistic bitterness, and not yet having come to the great truth that literature is only transcription of the real.

That they were right then and went wrong afterwards we have not a shadow of doubt; but *Venise la nuit* shows that they were so far justified in changing that they had little or no talent for imaginative writing. The thing is a sort of nightmare, done in a manner which, with slight alterations, was fashionable from 1830 to 1860, and which, mixed with realism, itself reached its acme in some of the work of Flaubert, as it had, pure from realism, in that of Gautier. But it is not well done at all; the observations are not spiritualized, but only burlesqued and muddled; the effect has neither illusion nor charm, and on the whole we sympathize with *l'abonné* for once in our lives. On the contrary, the notes, though showing trace of prentice hands, show also traces of hands which were at any rate attempting their proper work. Some of them give the very materials of *Venise la nuit*, and it is quite curious and interesting to see how good the informal jottings are in comparison with the formal working-up. The brothers were always clever, though a little onesided and crotchety, in picture criticism, and there is of course a good deal of this here. Nor do they confine themselves to criticism. M. Jules, it is known, was a draughtsman by no means without talent, and a great many rough pencil sketches of his accompany the jottings in the note-book. Such things as the head of Veronica Franco, the great Venetian courtesan, as the drawings after some of Lionardo's caricatures, as some of the sketches after Longhi, as the *stenterello* at p. 81 (reproduced in colours on the cover), and as the head, not beautiful but very wonderful, after Luini at p. 142, not to mention the architectural and decorative studies, would add very much to the attraction of any book of travels.

M. Jules Delafosse (in his preface to a noteworthy volume of all-round grumbling at the state of France which appears to have been written at short intervals during the last five years) avows frankly that he should have called it simply *Réaction*, if he had not thought the word likely to be misunderstood. It is, in fact, a really vigorous indictment of modern "Liberal" principles all along the line. What M. Delafosse wants to put in the place of the Republic we do not clearly make out. He, like others, wants a "bon tyran," but on the colour of the good tyrant's flag he is by no means explicit. He writes most often like a moderate Bonapartist; elsewhere he criticizes Bonapartism pretty frankly. But he certainly seems to be under the same incapacity as most "well-thinking" men in France in regard to constructive politics. Critically he is excellent; and the sheer nonsense which, not in France only by any means, is talked by the party or parties of progress has not very often been more vigorously demolished.

M. Emile Pouillon has thrown the history of Bernadette of Lourdes into a form which appears to be called that of the mystery, but which is not like any of the pretty considerable number of stories known to us, while it is very like that of

Flaubert's *Saint-Antoine*. The idea (in the present temper of the Parisian public for a sort of blend of mysticism and Christianity) was, perhaps, not wanting in ingenuity; and the execution does not lack literary skill. But, personally, we cannot pretend that it appeals to us much. If we are meant to take the thing seriously, the method seems out of place, and, if not, the whole interest falls to the ground.

The three novels before us are all fair specimens of their kind, though the first is the best. It is a study of a supposed simpleton ("Pec" being the Bearnese therefor), who is in reality only shy and long-suffering, and chiefly shows simpletonry in marrying the wrong person—which has also happened to very strong heads. M. Ernest Daudet begins his *Vénitienne* very well with a conspirator running away from the Austrians in a gondola, and there is no lack of incident in the sequel. Neither is there in M. Paul Samy's book, which has not only a good middle-class young man contrasted with a wicked viscount, and a very correct English governess notable for propriety and Handel (we have missed the reference to her teeth, which must be there), but some hair-breadth scapes of murder, and a large fire.

Yet another edition of *Colomba* (Macmillan), by M. G. E. Fasnacht, is welcome as far as the text goes, and cannot be said to be badly done as concerns the apparatus. But the introduction might perhaps have put the essence, both of book and writer, a little better; and, for the hundredth time, we must ask what is the good of translating such a phrase as *sur ces entrefaites* in a note? Why not translate the whole text?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE second volume of Mr. Sherard's translation of the Méneval *Memoirs* (Hutchinson & Co.) deals with Napoleon's life between the years 1806 and 1812, the period of his ascendancy on the Continent, when there appeared to be but one obstacle to the happy completion of the benevolent designs of the great pacificator of Europe—as Napoleon is portrayed in these pages. The victories of Jena and Wagram, the crushing of Prussia and Austria, the Austrian Alliance, crowned by the marriage with Maria Louise, seemed to promise the certainty of the Napoleonic millennium. England alone, with her crooked and malignant policy, causes Méneval and his master any misgiving. The agents of perfidious Albion, with their gold, are detected in the most unlooked-for places. These are the dark spots on the field of gold sorrowfully marked by the ever-admiring writer. If it were not for England, it would seem, Napoleon would have been acclaimed everywhere as the friend of Humanity. The Private Secretary does, indeed, tell the story, and tells it with candour, of Napoleon's attempt to force a new sovereign on Spain. But he is vastly indignant that this bungling business should have been resisted by the Spanish people; who ought, of course, to have embraced any agents or representatives of the friend of Humanity. Besides England, however, Talleyrand is represented as a kind of snake in the Napoleonic paradise of these glorious years. If he was not directly responsible for the prompt and, for Napoleon, exceedingly inconvenient action of England against the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, it is insinuated that he might have been. And that he betrayed Napoleon's plans again and again, both to Russia and Austria, there is no reason for doubt. Some of the most interesting of the political passages in this volume deal with these dark matters, and with Napoleon's relations with the Czar Alexander. At Tilsit the Baron frequently observed the Emperor and the Czar consulting the map of Turkey, both occupied with schemes of partition, the only point on which they were not agreed being Constantinople. Of Napoleon's personal habits and tastes much that is interesting is recorded. He acted upon his own maxim, and was simple, if not economical, in his tastes "at home," and magnificent in public. Once a week he would glance through the additions that were proposed to his library, throwing on the floor or into the fire such books as he disliked, and putting one or two aside for further reading. Like every other writer who knew her, M. de Méneval writes in warm terms of the kind-hearted Josephine, and his account of the divorce proceedings, and of the final parting from Napoleon, of which he was the solitary witness, shows deep sympathy—as well it might. Not less natural, perhaps, was it that Napoleon should leave his fainting wife in the care of his secretary at this critical scene, and take to flight. No reader of this affecting narrative can doubt M. de Méneval's declaration that he "felt very miserable" on this occasion.

Napoleon shot or hunted regularly, at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, or St. Germain, "not from inclination," as his secretary observes, but rather for the exercise. Of his skill as a sportsman a ludicrous story is told in the volume of gossip—

Parisian gossip chiefly—which the writer of “An Englishman in Paris” has lately issued under the title *My Paris Note-Book* (Heinemann). The story, like much recorded in the volume, forms part of the recollections of the two uncles of the writer, who are described as “favourites” of Napoleon III. Once when shooting with the Emperor they were consoled by him for their bad shooting, with the assurance that his uncle, the first Napoleon, was even a worse shot than they, as the story he told them proves. It seems that whenever a stag was brought to bay, it was usual to leave the animal to be killed by Napoleon. On one occasion, however, Napoleon could not be found, and the master of the hounds did the business himself. Suddenly Napoleon arrived, and the dead stag was hurriedly propped up on his legs with tree-boughs. The gun was handed to him and he fired at the stag, which of course fell to the ground, while a piteous whine from one of the hounds showed that something different from a dead stag was hit. Napoleon, who was on horseback, was completely deceived, and observed, “Après tout, je ne suis pas aussi mauvais tireur qu’on se le prétend.” This amazing anecdote is, according to the writer, “unquestionably true.” His book comprises other stories scarcely less wonderful. It is said, on the authority of Napoleon III., that “the Emperor,” as he calls him, showed a great interest in the theatre “even before he made his mark in the world,” which is strange, since other authorities, of whom M. de Méneval is one, assert that he very rarely visited the theatres. “It is not generally known,” we are told, “that he was once within an ace of becoming an *impresario* himself” (p. 40); and he always found time to read the plays submitted to the Comédie Française, and would “recommend no piece personally” unless he had read it or heard it read—a habit that ought to have been observed by Napoleon III., as he himself admitted in telling the story of the production of Edmond About’s *Guillory*. There are many stories of the stage and of actors and playwrights in the book, the most amusing of which tells of Got’s search for an ancient piano, to be used in the production of *Les Ranzans*. After a devious quest, the actor found what he wanted in a convent, but he was not allowed to obtain it until he had paid a fancy price, and had been excommunicated, with book, bell, and candle, on account of the scandal of his profession. This *Paris Note-Book* is something of a medley of anecdote, selection from which is a difficult business with readers who care not for gossip from a love of gossip, but are troubled with an inquiring and analytical habit of mind.

We must allow a certain eminence in each of the exemplars of depravity that are dealt with in Mr. Thomas Secombe’s curious and entertaining volume, *Twelve Bad Men* (Fisher Unwin); while we are confident we could empanel another jury that might form a strongly competitive band, if not of superior villainy altogether. It is a motley company that comprises historical personages like Bothwell, Lord Lovat, Jeffries, and Oates, such quaint rogues as astrologer Kelley and Matthew Hopkins; Colonel Charteris and Jonathan Wild; “Fighting Fitzgerald” and Maclaine, “the Gentleman Highwayman”; Wainwright, “kind, light-hearted Wainwright,” the “best stay” of the *London Magazine*, and Kelly the bushranger. Unredeemed rascality is, perhaps, sufficiently rare to engage the biographer who is attracted by the choiceness and rarity of the theme, and it has certainly inspired many curious and obscure volumes of memoirs. We sympathize, moreover, with Mr. Secombe’s lament for the injurious practice of whitewashing. As the editor of this many-authored book, Mr. Secombe has decidedly made one of the best and blackest of selections in his choice of Titus Oates, and, what is more excellent, has produced a piece of biography that is admirably executed. “A bad man, my dear,” might justly be the pleasant verdict of some of the twelve. Mr. Gregory Smith shows a proper sentiment for the ambiguous claims of Bothwell. There is so much of romance and mystery about Bothwell’s career that we feel the incongruity of his place in this gallery. And it were easy, though Mr. J. W. Allen does well to forbear, to overblacken the deeds of that sly old fox Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. Then Mr. Arthur Vincent, who dips his pen in the nethermost gloom of the achievements of Colonel Charteris and Jonathan Wild, is clearly sensible that there are worse eminences than the bad eminences of these two examples. Indeed, Mr. Vincent thinks it were hardly rash to assert that “no more infamous scoundrel ever trod the earth” than Charles Hitchen, the City Marshal, and for a season Jonathan Wild’s guide, philosopher, and friend. And if, as Mr. Vincent says, Wild’s partner in smuggling, Roger Johnson, was “a peerless blackguard,” Roger Johnson might rightly have been substituted for one of the present company. However, we would not further challenge the jury. The writers take, we gladly note, a judicial attitude, for the most part, in their respective shares of this

cheerful and well-illustrated volume. Mr. A. F. Pollard, in his sketch of Kelley the wizard; Mr. J. O. Jones in his “Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder”; and Mr. Thorn Drury, in his agreeably ironical memoir of James Maclaine, touch of themes that are less hackneyed, and less matter of history, than others of the collection.

In the “Stories of the Nations” series, Mr. George M. Theal’s *South Africa* (Fisher Unwin) occupies a place apart, since his history of the settlement of South Africa by Europeans is not the story of a nation, but the story of, at least, two nations. The book, in part, contains an outline of the author’s well-known and useful *History of South Africa*. Such is that portion of it that deals with the early history of Cape Colony and Natal before 1848, and of the settlement and development of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, the history of Zululand and Basutoland before the year 1872. Clear and well-digested, as well as fair-minded, is Mr. Theal’s narrative of South African history in these early years. From the date of the constitution of Cape Colony to the present time the field of the historian becomes greatly extended, and the political events recorded are, of course, of intense interest to present-day readers. But Mr. Theal does not fritter away his too scanty space in academic dissertations, and his treatment of controversial or vexed questions is marked by good sense and has a practical bearing that becomes the object of his book. Mr. Theal’s view of the present prospect of South Africa is full of cheer. “Never before,” he writes, “was this country a land of good hope as much as at present.” His volume is well supplied with maps and some capital illustrations, mostly from drawings by Captain Gardiner.

A beautiful imprint of an attractive book is the new edition of Thomas Blount’s *Boscobel: the History of the Most Miraculous Preservation of King Charles II.* (Tylston & Edwards), edited by Mr. Charles G. Thomas, who prefaces an introduction and bibliography, both of great interest, to which is added the King’s own account of his deliverance, printed from the Pepys MSS., which was dictated to Pepys by Charles himself at Newmarket in 1680. Blount’s romantic narrative, undoubtedly authentic, is scarcely more delightful than the record of Pepys, which is well described by Mr. Thomas as “singularly unaffected,” and, if internal evidence be of value, undoubtedly genuine. There is, besides, other evidence, such as the King’s delight in telling his adventures to any listeners, and the character and position of Pepys himself. Mr. C. W. Sherborn contributes, by way of frontispiece, a fine armorial design, representing the arms granted to Colonel Carlos.

Two recent translations, of very diverse literary interest, are before us. Mr. Nisbet Bain’s version of Maurus Jokai’s stirring historical romance, *Midst the Wild Carpathians* (Chapman & Hall), will enthrall all English lovers of romance, and gratify the natural curiosity now general concerning the work of the Hungarian novelist. Of the translation of Zola’s farcical comedy, *The Heirs of Rabourdin* (Henry & Co.), by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, we can speak less hopefully, speaking for ourselves, who find M. Zola’s play prodigiously dull, and M. Zola as a modern Moliérist, a spectacle for gods and men.

The Fair Maid of Perth, in two volumes, forms the present month’s issue of Mr. Nimmo’s “Border” edition of Scott’s novels, and is illustrated with etchings by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and with etchings, after paintings or drawings, by Mr. F. Huth, Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn, and Mr. H. R. Robertson. Of the illustrations drawn and etched by Mr. Macbeth some are excellent, and others are quite unworthy of the artist’s reputation. The fight of the clans is a curiously inadequate design, for example, and wondrous dull as a picture of Scott’s glowing and spirited scene. It would be hard to match the grotesque ineptitude of the figure of the panic-stricken Conachar leaping into the Tay. As to the novel itself, Mr. Andrew Lang is agreed with all the world in placing it among the most brilliant of the adventurous section of the Waverleys. The critics, the publisher, and the tedious “James” were all of a side when the book appeared, and Mr. Lang has scarcely any scope for his pleasant dealings with cavillers and history pedants.

The Talsman, the June volume of Messrs. A. & C. Black’s “Dryburgh” edition, is cleverly illustrated by Mr. G. C. Hindley. In this edition the strict chronology of issue is observed, and this volume comprises one of the Croftangry series of short stories, “The Two Drovers,” with “My Aunt Margaret’s Mirror,” “The Tapestry Chamber,” and “The Death of Laird’s Jock,” which were contributed to *The Keepsake* in 1828.

The new edition of Dr. P. W. Joyce’s *Old Celtic Romances* (Nutt) contains an additional tale, “The Voyage of the Sons of O’Corra,” which readers of the first edition of this charming collection of translations had, probably, anticipated from the translator’s reference to it in his introduction. The adventures—

or visions, as we may say—of the sons of O'Corra form as strange and poetic a "voyage" as any of the typical *Imrama* of Irish literature.

An elegant reprint, also issued by Mr. Nutt, is the new edition of *The Loves of Laili and Mehnun*, translated in rhymed octosyllabics by the late James Atkinson, of the East India Company's Medical Service, and edited by his son, the Rev. J. A. Atkinson, Honorary Canon of Manchester. Originally published, nearly sixty years since, through the Oriental Translation Fund, as was one other work, at least, of the accomplished translator, this excellent version, as scholars esteem it, of one of the most popular and charming of Persian poems ought to command a wider circle of readers than was possible in its first edition.

Among other new editions we note *The Wizard's Son*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); *The Countess Radna*, by W. E. Norris (Heinemann); *From One Generation to Another*, by H. S. Merriman (Smith, Elder, & Co.); *Riding Recollections and Turf Stories*, by Henry Custance (Arnold); and Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* and Franklin's *Autobiography*, two volumes of Messrs. Blackie's "School and Home Library."

We have also received a further instalment of the *Calendar of the Patent Rolls* (Eyre & Spottiswoode), from the reign of Edward II. to that of Henry VII., the present volume dealing with Edward II., 1307-1313, the text prepared by Mr. G. F. Handcock, supervised by Mr. H. C. Maxwell Lyte; the forty-ninth volume of *The Sacred Books of the East*, edited by F. Max Müller, comprising "Buddhist Mahâyâna" Texts, Part I., the "Buddha-Karita of Asvaghosha," translated from the Sanskrit by E. B. Cowell (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *The Elements of Metaphysics*, translated from the German of Professor Paul Deussen, by C. M. Duff (Macmillan & Co.); *Infamia; its Place in Roman Public and Private Law*, by A. H. J. Greenidge, M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *The Joint Standard*, by Elijah Helm (Macmillan & Co.); *Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism*, by Laura Johnson Wylie (Boston: Ginn & Co.); *History of Taxation in Vermont*, by Frederick A. Wood (New York: Columbia College); *Systematic Survey of the Organic Colouring Matters*, translated, with additions, by Arthur G. Green, F.I.C., from the German of Drs. G. Schultz and P. Julius (Macmillan & Co.); *Discipleship; the Scheme of Christianity* (Williams & Norgate); *Meditations of Psalm CXIX*, by the late Dean Butler (Skeffington); and *The Venerable Vincent Pallotti*, by Lady Herbert (Art and Book Company), a sketch of the life of the founder of the Pious Society of Missions, with a preface by Cardinal Vaughan.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £32,725 0s. 7d. was received for Annuities granted during the year.

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £2,766,240 7s. 2d.

The Report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the shareholders for the year 1893 be £67,500, being dividend of £2 3s. per share.

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Copies of the Report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1893, may be obtained from any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

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9. Flag Drill by Our Little Women.
10. Cricket Extraordinary!
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